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ESSAYS

AND

CRITICISMS,

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. II.

ESSAYS
ON
CRITICISMS,
BY THE REVIEWERS.

VOL. II.

ESSAYS

AND

CRITICISMS,

BY DR. GOLDSMITH;

WITH

AN ACCOUNT

OF

THE AUTHOR.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

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PREFACE.

IT was the fate of the ingenious Author of the ESSAYS and CRITICISMS, now firſt collectively offered to the Public, to begin his literary career, unknown and unpatronized, laboriouſly employing himſelf to provide for the exigencies of the paſſing day; and during that period of penury and diſtreſs, ſcattering over the periodical publications of the times, works of merit, enough to confer celebrity on any name whoſe owner had the advantage of being known to the world. Works which, from the obſcurity of the author, were neglected

and left to periſh amidſt the rubbiſh with which they were ſurrounded.

GENIUS, however, in a country like Great Britain, cannot long be depreſſed. That of GOLDSMITH at length triumphed over the difficulties of his ſituation. By ſlow degrees he forced himſelf into notice. His talents were allowed; enquiry was made after his early performances; and ſome of them he was induced to reviſe, correct, and publiſh in a Volume * himſelf. To thoſe ESSAYS ample juſtice has been rendered; and ſuch is public caprice, thoſe who were blind to the excellencies of an obſcure author, while ſtruggling for notice, and even for exiſt-

* This Volume of ESSAYS was publiſhed by Dr. GOLDSMITH in 1765, and forms the firſt Volume of this Publication.

ence,

ence, were ſoon compelled to applaud the flaſhes of wit; the happy ſtrokes of humour; the accurate obſervation on life and manners, and the ſucceſsful delineation of character, which afterwards ſhone forth with acknowledged ſplendour, in the admirable Comedies of "The Good-natured Man," and "She Stoops to Conquer."

But though the Essays, publiſhed by Dr. Goldsmith himſelf, were received by the world as the genuine efforts of genius, they were ſtill but a ſelection. Many pieces of undoubted excellence were known to be omitted, and ſome which were ſuſpected to be of his compoſition could not be certainly aſcertained. Theſe circumſtances occaſioned enquiry, and enquiry was the means of bringing to

light what otherwiſe would not have been known. The late Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, Printer, a man of literary obſervation and experience, had, during his connection with thoſe periodical publications, in which the early works of Dr. GOLDSMITH were originally contained, carefully marked the ſeveral compoſitions of the different writers, as they were delivered to him to print. Being therefore, it was ſuppoſed, the only perſon able to ſeparate the genuine performances of Dr. GOLDSMITH from thoſe of other writers, in theſe miſcellaneous collections, it became the wiſh of ſeveral admirers of the Author of The Traveller and Deſerted Village, that his authentic writings ſhould no longer be blended with either doubtful or ſpurious pieces. Mr. WRIGHT was therefore recommended and prevailed upon

upon to print the preſent Selection, which he had juſt completed at the time of his death.

To expatiate on the merit of the preſent Collection, or the Author of it, would be a waſte of time. His reputation is eſtabliſhed beyond the reach of criticiſm, and it is preſumed will ſuffer no diminution from the preſent Volumes, which the diſcerning Reader will perceive bear evident marks of authenticity, and prove themſelves to be the undoubted works of Dr. GOLDSMITH.

LIFE

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was the third ſon of the Rev. Charles Goldſmith, a divine of great reſpectability, though but in narrow circumſtances. He was born at Elphin, in the county of Roſcommon, in the kingdom of Ireland, 29th November, in the year 1731*, and was inſtructed in the claſſics, at the ſchool of Mr. Hughes. On the 11th of June, 1744, he was admitted a Sizer of Trinity College, Dublin, under the tuition of Dr. Radcliffe, where he was contemporary with Mr. Edmund Burke. At college he exhibited no ſpecimens of that genius which diſtinguiſhed him in his maturer years. According to his own whimſical account of himſelf, "he made no great figure in mathematics, which was a ſtudy much in repute there, yet he could turn an ode of Horace into Engliſh better than any of them." On the 27th of February, 1749, O. S. (two years after the regular time), he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts. At this period of his life he turned his thoughts to the profeſſion of phyſic; and

* So ſays his Epitaph. Other accounts place his birth, and not without probability, in 1729.

after attending some courses of anatomy in Dublin, he proceeded to Edinburgh, in the year 1751, where he pursued the study of the several branches of medicine, under the different professors in that university. At this period of his life, the same want of thought and circumspection, and the same heedless beneficence governed, that in his latter years continued to involve him in difficulties. Imprudently engaging to pay a considerable sum of money for a fellow student, who failed to exonerate him from the demand, he found himself under the necessity of hastily quitting Scotland, to avoid the horrours of a jail.

SUNDERLAND was the place in which he took refuge, and there he arrived in the beginning of the year 1754. His sudden flight had left him no means of providing for his present wants, and he was driven to the greatest extremity. It was at this period, it is imagined, that he was reduced to an embarrassment, which will be best related in the words of the person who originally gave the anecdote to the public*.

"UPON his first going to England he was in such distress, that he would have gladly become an usher to a country school; but so destitute was he of friends to

* A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, in a Series of Letters to John Watkinson, M. D. Dublin, 8vo. 1788, p. 286.

recommend

recommend him, that he could not without difficulty obtain even this low department. The maſter of the ſchool ſcrupled to employ him, without ſome teſtimonial of his paſt life. GOLDSMITH referred him to his tutor at college for a character; but all this while he went under a feigned name. From this reſource, therefore, one would think that little in his favour could be even hoped for; but he only wanted to ſerve a preſent exigency—an uſherſhip was not his object.

"IN this ſtrait he writes a letter to Dr. Radcliffe, imploring him, as he tendered the welfare of an old pupil, not to anſwer a letter which he would probably receive the ſame poſt with his own, from the ſchoolmaſter. He added, that he had good reaſons for concealing, both from him and the reſt of the world, his name, and the real ſtate of his caſe: every circumſtance of which he promiſed to communicate upon ſome future occaſion. His tutor, embarraſſed enough before to know what anſwer he ſhould give, reſolved at laſt to give none. And thus was poor GOLDSMITH ſnatched from between the horns of his preſent dilemma, and ſuffered to drag on a miſerable life for a few probationary months.

"IT was not till after his return to London, from his rambles over great part of the world, and after having got ſome ſure footing on this ſlippery globe, that he at length wrote to Dr. Radcliffe, to thank him for

for not anſwering the ſchoolmaſter's letter, and to fulfil his promiſe of giving the hiſtory of the whole tranſaction. It contained a comical narrative of his adventures, from his leaving Ireland to that time," It is to be regretted that accident has ſince deſtroyed this narrative, which the gentleman to whom it was written, admired more than any part of our author's works.

But although Dr. Goldsmith had eſcaped from Scotland into England, he could not ſecure himſelf from the fangs of the law. The vigilance of his creditor, a tailor, followed him, and he was arreſted for the money, on account of which he had become ſecurity. From this difficulty he was releaſed by the friendſhip of Mr. Laughlin Maclane and Dr. Sleigh, who were then at the college of Edinburgh. As ſoon as he was at liberty, he took his paſſage on board a Dutch ſhip to Rotterdam, from whence, after a ſhort ſtay, he proceeded to Bruſſels. He then viſited a great part of Flanders; and after paſſing ſome time at Straſbourg and Louvain, at which laſt place he obtained a degree of Bachelor in Phyſic, he accompanied an Engliſh gentleman to Geneva.

It is ſaid, on unqueſtionable authority, that our ingenious author performed the greater part of his travels on foot; and he himſelf alludes to this circumſtance in one of his early works. "Countries," ſays he, "wear different appearances to travellers of different circumſtances.

ſtances. A man who is whirled through Europe in a poſt-chaiſe, and the pilgrim who walks the grand tour on foot, will form very different concluſions.—*Haud inexpertus loquor.*" It has been aſſerted, that he was enabled to purſue his travels, partly by demanding at univerſities to enter the liſts as a diſputant, by which, according to the cuſtom of many of them, he was entitled to the premium of a crown, when, luckily for him, his challenge was not accepted; ſo that, as it has been obſerved, he diſputed his paſſage through Europe.

He had left England ill provided with money; but being at that time of a rambling diſpoſition, and having probably no ſettled ſcheme of life, he neither foreſaw, nor feared, any difficulties. He poſſeſſed alſo a body capable of ſuſtaining every fatigue, and a mind not eaſily terrified by danger. Thus qualified, he formed the deſign of ſeeing the manners of different countries. He had acquired ſome knowledge of the French language, and of muſic; he played alſo on the German flute, which he found a very uſeful accompliſhment, as at times it afforded him the means of ſubſiſtence, which all his other qualities would have failed to acquire for him. His learning, though not profound, produced him an hoſpitable reception at moſt of the religious houſes that he viſited; and his muſic made him welcome to the peaſants of Flanders and Germany. "Whenever I approached a peaſant's houſe towards nightfall,"

nightfall," he uſed to ſay, "I played one of my moſt merry tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but ſubſiſtence for the next day; but in truth," his conſtant expreſſion, "I muſt own, whenever I attempted to entertain perſons of a higher rank, they always thought my performance odious, and never made me any return for my endeavours to pleaſe them."

On his arrival at Geneva, it is ſaid he was recommended as travelling tutor to a young man of mean birth and ſordid diſpoſition, who, after he had arrived at years of maturity, unexpectedly came into poſſeſſion of a conſiderable fortune. With this perſon our author proceeded to the South of France, where a diſagreement aroſe between the tutor and pupil, which ended in their parting from each other. Once more our ill-fated traveller was left to encounter the difficulties of a friendleſs ſtranger in a foreign country. He had by this time ſatisfied his curioſity, and accordingly bent his ſteps towards England, where he arrived ſome time about the year 1757.

His ſituation was now altered, but not improved. He was ſtill a ſtranger, and ſtill deſtitute. "The world was all before him," but the means of preſent ſubſiſtence was not eaſily to be obtained. He applied to ſeveral apothecaries to be received as a journeyman; but his broad Iriſh accent, and uncouth appearance, operated

operated againſt his reception. In this forlorn ſtate he was at length obliged to ſubmit to the humble condition of an aſſiſtant in the laboratory of a chemiſt near Fiſh-ſtreet Hill. From this drudgery he was releaſed by the kindneſs of his friend Dr. Sleigh, who received him into his family, and undertook to ſupport him, until ſome means could be deviſed for his maintenance. In a ſhort time he accepted the employment of uſher to a boarding-ſchool, kept by Dr. Milner, a diſſenting teacher, at Peckham. Though this ſtation, when viewed in its proper light, can be eſteemed neither diſhonourable nor diſgraceful, yet, it is remarkable, it was the only one which GOLDSMITH ſhrunk from the recollection of, when he attained a more proſperous ſtate.

IT is imagined, that while he was uſher to Dr. Milner, he firſt engaged in the purſuits of literature. The earlieſt performance by him, now to be diſcovered, is, "The Memoirs of a Proteſtant, condemned to the Galleys of France for his Religion. Written by himſelf. Tranſlated from the Original, juſt publiſhed at the Hague, by James Willington;" 1758, two volumes, 12mo, for which Mr. Edward Dilly paid him twenty guineas. In 1759 appeared "An Enquiry into the preſent State of Polite Learning in Europe;" and in October of the ſame year he began "The Bee," a weekly publication, which ceaſed at the end of eight numbers.

numbers. In the next year he became known to Dr. Smollett, who was then publiſhing "The Britiſh Magazine;" and for that work our author compoſed ſeveral of the eſſays, which he afterwards collected into the volume already mentioned, as well as ſome of thoſe inſerted in the preſent volumes. He alſo engaged as an aſſiſtant in the Critical Review; and it is believed wrote ſome articles in the Monthly Review.

In the commencement of his literary career, he determined to obſerve the rules of economy very rigidly, and with that view took a lodging in Green-arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, where the greater part of his moſt ſucceſsful pieces were written. He had been introduced to Mr. Newbery, a man who truly deſerved the eulogium beſtowed by Dr. Warburton on the booksellers in general, as "one of the beſt judges and rewarders of merit," by whom he was employed to write in the Public Ledger the Chineſe Letters, afterwards collected under the title of "The Citizen of the World;" and ſoon after he obtained the friendſhip of Dr. Samuel Johnſon, who encouraged him in his purſuits, applauded his exertions, and occaſionally aſſiſted him with his advice.

Our author, however, did not ſoon emerge from obſcurity. He continued in his humble abode in Green-arbour Court, until about the middle of the year

year 1762, when he removed to a handſome ſet of chambers in the Middle Temple. His name was ſtill but little known, except among the bookſellers, until the year 1765, when his genius diſplayed itſelf in its full vigour by the publication of "The Traveller, or a Proſpect of Society;" a poem began in Switzerland, and which was reviſed by Dr. Johnſon; who pronounced this eulogium on it, "that there had not been ſo fine a Poem ſince Pope's time."

In the year 1767, our author, who had now aſſumed the title of Doctor, made his firſt, and, probably, his only effort, towards obtaining a permanent eſtabliſhment. On the death of Mr. Mace, Greſham Profeſſor of Civil Law, he became a candidate to ſucceed him; but without ſucceſs. In 1768, his firſt play, The Good-Natured Man, was acted at Covent Garden, with leſs approbation than it deſerved. Dr. Johnſon's opinion of this performance was, that it was the beſt comedy that had appeared ſince The Provoked Huſband; and that there had not been of late any ſuch character on the ſtage as that of Croaker. In the ſucceeding year he had the honorary Profeſſorſhip of Hiſtory in the Royal Academy conferred on him; and in this year his beautiful poem, "The Deſerted Village," was firſt printed.

The eſtimation in which he was held by the bookſellers

ſellers was at this time ſo great, that he was ſolicited to engage in a variety of works, ſome of which, it cannot be denied, were executed in a haſty and ſlovenly manner. His reputation however was but little diminiſhed to the end of his life. His emoluments were very great; and had he poſſeſſed only a ſmall portion of prudence, he might have enſured that independence, the want of which embittered his latter days, and contributed in ſome meaſure to ſhorten his life.

His generoſity, not to call it profuſion, was without bounds; and he had conſtantly a ſet of miſerable dependants, whoſe wants he ſupplied, even to the diſtreſſing himſelf. He had alſo unfortunately contracted a habit of gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted; and conſequently became the prey of ſome who were unprincipled enough to take advantage of his ignorance. An habitual careleſſneſs with reſpect to money matters, at all times appears to have been his predominant failing. Though, as already obſerved, the emoluments ariſing from his writings were very great, yet his income bore no proportion to his expences. He became embarraſſed in his circumſtances, and in conſequence uneaſy, fretful, and peeviſh. To this was added a violent ſtrangury, with which he was ſome years afflicted, and which, with other miſfortunes, brought on a kind of habitual deſpondency. In this ſtate he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, being

being improperly treated, terminated in his diſſolution the 4th of April, 1774, in the forty-third year of his age. It was firſt intended by his friends to bury him in Weſtminſter Abbey; his pall was to have been ſupported by Lord Shelburne, Lord Louth, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, the Honourable Mr. Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but a ſlight inſpection into his affairs ſhowed the impropriety of that deſign. He was therefore privately interred, in the burial ground belonging to the Temple; when Mr. Hugh Kelly, Messrs. John and Robert Day, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Etherington, and Mr. Hawes, gentlemen, who had been his friends in life, attended his corps as mourners, and paid the laſt tribute to his memory.

Dr. Johnson's character of Goldsmith, as an author, a few years after his death, is highly honourable to him. "He was," ſays that admirable writer, "a man of ſuch variety of powers, and ſuch felicity of performance, that he always ſeemed to do beſt, that which he was doing; a man who had the art of being minute without tediouſneſs, and general without confuſion; whoſe language was copious without exuberance, exact without conſtraint, and eaſy without weakneſs."

Mr. Boswell has alſo pourtrayed our author; and ſome of his traits of his character will be readily recognized

nized by his ſurviving friends. " No man had the art of diſplaying with more advantage, as a writer, whatever literary acquiſition he made.—*Nihil quod tetigit non ornavit.*—His mind reſembled a fertile, but thin ſoil. There was a quick, but not a ſtrong vegetation, of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it. No deep root could be ſtruck. The oak of the foreſt did not grow there; but the elegant ſhrubbery, and the fragrant parterre, appeared in gay ſucceſſion. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in converſation; but, in truth, this has been greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common ſhare of that hurry of ideas which we often find in his countrymen, and which ſometimes produces a laughable confuſion in expreſſing them. He was very much what the French call *un etourdi*; and from vanity, and an eager deſire of being conſpicuous where-ever he was, he frequently talked careleſsly, without knowledge of the ſubject, or even without thought. His perſon was ſhort; his countenance coarſe and vulgar; his deportment that of a ſcholar, awkwardly affecting the eaſy gentleman. Thoſe who were in any way diſtinguiſhed, excited envy in him to ſo ridiculous an exceſs, that the inſtances of it are hardly credible."—" He, I am afraid, had no ſettled ſyſtem of any ſort, ſo that his conduct muſt not be ſtrictly ſcrutinized; but his affections were ſocial and generous; and when he had money, he gave it away very liberally."

To

To these accounts, we shall add the following pleasant description of our author, by the sprightly pen of David Garrick.

HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow.
Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold, and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he oross:
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions;
A great lover of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions.
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking;
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste.
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail:
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals be GOLDSMITH his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him, to make us sport here.

A FEW years after his death a monument, by Nollikens, was erected in Westminster Abbey, by a collection made by his friends; and upon it is inscribed the

the following epitaph, written by Dr. Samuel Johnson:

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH
POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT,
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT;
SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LACRYMÆ,
AFFECTUUM POTENS, AT LENIS DOMINATOR;
INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS;
ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS;
HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT
SODALIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS HIBERNIA, FORNEIÆ LONFORDIENSIS
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI.
BELANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS,
OBIIT LONDINI,
APR. IV. MDCCLXXIV.

AN

AN

ORIGINAL LETTER

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

TO

ROBERT BRAYNTON, Esq. Ballymahon, Ireland.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,

HOW many good excuſes (and you know I was ever good at an excuſe) might I call up to vindicate my paſt ſhameful ſilence!—I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my firſt coming hither, and ſeem vaſtly angry at my not receiving an anſwer; I might allege that buſineſs (with buſineſs you know I was always peſtered) had never given me time to finger a pen;—but I ſuppreſs theſe, and twenty more equally plauſible and as eaſily invented, ſince they might be attended with a ſlight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then ſpeak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's ſide) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and ſtill prevents my writing at leaſt twenty-five letters more, due to

my friends in Ireland. No turnſpit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I ſit down to write; yet no dog ever loved the roaſt meat he turns better than I do him I now addreſs.—Yet what ſhall I ſay now I am enter'd? Shall I tire you with a deſcription of this unfruitful country, where I muſt lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their vallies ſcarce able to feed a rabbit?—Man alone ſeems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural ſize in this poor ſoil.—Every part of the country preſents the ſame diſmal landſcape: no grove nor brook lend their muſic to cheer the ſtranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty:—yet, with all theſe diſadvantages to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudeſt things alive.—The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them:—if mankind ſhould happen to deſpiſe them, they are maſters of their own admiration, and *that* they can plentifully beſtow on themſelves.

From their pride and poverty, as I take it, reſults one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen are much better bred than amongſt us.—No ſuch character here as our fox-hunters; and they have expreſſed great ſurprize when I informed them that ſome men in Ireland of 1000l. a year ſpend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl, that will let them, with child: and truly, if ſuch a being, equipped in his hunting dreſs,

came

came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback. The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though, now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here.—When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a groupe by themselves; on the other end stands their pensive partners, that are to be; but no more intercouse between the sexes, than there is between two countries at war:—the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress, so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman, that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres: and the Scotch gentleman told me (and, faith, I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.—Now I'm come to the ladies, and to shew that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to

ſo charming a country, I inſiſt on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thouſand times handſomer and finer than the Iriſh:—to be ſure now I ſee your ſiſters Betty and Peggy vaſtly ſurprized at my partiality, but tell them flatly, I don't value them, or their fine ſkins, or eyes, or good ſenſe, or ———, a potatoe; for I ſay it, and will maintain it, and, as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great paſſion) of what I aſſert, the Scotch ladies ſay it themſelves. But, to be leſs ſerious, where will you find a language ſo pretty become a pretty mouth, as the broad Scotch? and the women here ſpeak it in its higheſt purity; for inſtance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce—"Whoar wull I gong"—with a becoming wideneſs of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer. We have no ſuch character here as a coquet; but, alas! how many envious prudes!—Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilkoubry's (dont't be ſurprized, my Lord is but a glover), when the Ducheſs of Hamilton (that fair who ſacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) paſſed by in her chariot; her battered huſband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, ſat by her ſide. Strait envy began, in the ſhape of no leſs than three ladies, who ſat with me, to find faults in her faultleſs form:—"For my part," ſays the firſt, "I think, what I always thought, that the Ducheſs has too much red in her complexion."—"Madam, I'm of your opinion," ſays the ſecond,

and

" and I think her face has a paliſh caſt, too much on the delicate order."—" And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whoſe mouth was puckered up to the ſize of an iſſue, " that the Ducheſs has fine lips, but ſhe wants a mouth."—At this, every lady drew up her mouth as if ſhe was going to pronounce the letter P. ——But how ill, my Bob, does it become me, to ridicule women with whom I have ſcarce any correſpondence!—There are, 'tis certain, handſome women here; and 'tis as certain, there are handſome men to keep them company.—An ugly and a poor man is ſociety for himſelf: and ſuch ſociety the world lets me enjoy in great abundance.—Fortune has given you circumſtances, and nature a perſon, to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob ſuch bleſſings, while I may ſit down and laugh at the world, and at myſelf, the moſt ridiculous object in it.—But I begin to grow ſplenetic; and, perhaps, the fit may continue till I receive an anſwer to this. I know you can't ſend news from B. Mahon, but, ſuch as it is ſend it all; every thing you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a ſign yet; or John Finecly left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write.—While OLIVER GOLDSMITH lives, know you have a friend!

P. S. GIVE my ſincereſt regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family; and give my ſervice

ſervice to my mother, if you ſee her, for, as you expreſs it in Ireland, I have a ſneaking kindneſs for her ſtill.

DIRECT to me—Student in Phyſic, in Edinburgh.

ESSAY

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ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LX.

WE know not a character of antiquity which can be produced as a rival to that of the preſent Miniſter *.

His eloquence, integrity, and zeal for the intereſts of the commonwealth, may have been equalled by ſeveral individuals both of Greece and Rome; but the vigour, ſagacity, and ſucceſs with which he has exerted thoſe qualities, are unprecedented; and his univerſal popularity in a free

* The Right Hon. W. Pitt, Eſq. then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and afterwards created Earl of Chatham, father of the preſent Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ſtate, which had been long divided by inveterate factions, is altogether without example.

WERE we obliged to find a parallel between him and ſome diſtinguiſhed character of the ancient republics, we ſhould compare him to the Two Brothers the GRACCHI, the illuſtrious advocates of the Roman people, and the moſt ſhining ornaments of a poliſhed commonwealth. We would compare him to both the Brothers, becauſe the virtues and accompliſhments of both ſeem united in his character.

TIBERIUS GRACCHUS and CAIUS GRACCHUS were of the Sempronian family, which, though Plebeian, was eminent, worthy, and honourable, and allied to the moſt noble houſes of Rome. Both Brothers were actuated by the ſame warm zeal for the intereſt of their fellow-citizens; and ſo extraordinary were their talents, that, had they flouriſhed at the ſame period of time, their united endeavours muſt have ſurmounted all oppoſition: but Caius, being the junior by nine years, could not co-operate with his brother Tiberius in the great ſcheme he had projected in behalf of the common people; and he afterwards adopted his plan without ſucceſs. Each made his efforts ſeparately, and both periſhed in the ſame attempt, through the jealouſy and reſentment of the patri-

ci ans.

cians. Their enemies accuſed them of ambition: but * the imputation was unjuſt. In reviving the Licinian law for the diviſion of lands, they were ſolely animated and influenced by a principle of patriot humanity, which indeed glowed to a degree of enthuſiaſm.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS, that elegant ſycophant of arbitrary power, is forced to acknowledge, that, bating their ſuppoſed deſign againſt the conſtitution of their country, their morals were unblemiſhed, and their lives irreproachable. He owns their genius was ſublime, and that their engagements were ſacred: in a word, that they were adorned with all the virtues that human nature, in its greateſt perfection, could acquire or poſſeſs. Yet there was an eſſential difference in the characters of theſe two celebrated Roman patriots. Tiberius was mild and compoſed, of a winning addreſs and gentle diſpoſition: when he harangued in public, he ſeemed to ſolicit, and indeed to ſe-

* ὁ δὲ ἀδελφὸς αὐτῷ Γάϊος ἔν τινι βιβλίῳ γέγραφεν, εἰς Νομαυγίαν πορευόμενον διὰ τῆς Τυῤῥηνίας τὸν Τιβέριον, καὶ τὴν ἐρημίαν τῆς χώρας ὁρῶντα, καὶ τὰς γεωργούσας ἢ νέμουσας, οἰκέτας ἐπεισάκτους καὶ βαρβάρους, τότε πρῶτον ἐπὶ νοῦν βαλέσθαι τὴν μυρίων κακῶν ἄρξασαν αὐτοῖς πολιτείαν. τὴν δὲ πλείστην αὐτὸς ὁ δῆμος ὁρμὴν καὶ φιλοτιμίαν ἐξῆψε, προκαλέμενος διὰ γραμμάτων αὐτὸν ἐν τοαῖς καὶ τοίχοις καὶ μνήμασι γεγραμμένων, ἀναλαβεῖν τοῖς πένησι τὴν δημοσίαν χώραν.

ΠΛΟΥΤΑΡΧ. ΤΙΒ. ΓΡΑΚΧ.

duce the applauſe of his audience, by artful arguments and pathetic images: his elocution was ſoft and inſinuating: he endeavoured to pleaſe, in order to perſuade. Caius was more open, bold, and impetuous. He poſſeſſed an irreſiſtible energy of eloquence, enforced with ſublime ſtrokes and daring metaphors, that arouſed, aſtoniſhed, and ſhook his hearers to the inmoſt ſoul. It was the thunder of oratory, which levelled all oppoſition with a ſeeming ſupernatural power, flaſhing conviction on the ſenſe, and exciting a mingled tranſport of reverence and terror *.

In his youth he had exerciſed the profeſſion of arms; and, had he proſecuted that employment, would, in all probability, have rivalled the greateſt commanders of the republic; for, with the moſt penetrating genius, he poſſeſſed the moſt active intrepidity. He was afterwards promoted to the poſt of *Quæſtor*, or Paymaſter-General to the

* Ἐπεὶ δὲ ὥσπερ ἡ τῶν πλασσομένων καὶ γραφομένων, Διοσκόρων ὁμοιότης ἔχει τινὰ τῇ πυκλικῇ πρὸς τὸν δρομικὸν ἐπὶ τῆς μορφῆς διαφοράν, οὕτω των νεανίσκων ἐκείνων ἐν πολλῇ τῇ πρὸς ἀνδρείαν καὶ σωφροσυνην, ἔτι δὲ ἐλευθεριότητα καὶ λογιότητα καὶ μεγαλοψυχίαν ἐμφερείᾳ, μιγάλαι περὶ τὰ ἔργα καὶ τὰς πολιτείας οἷον ἐξηνθησαν καὶ διεφάνησαν ἀνομοιότητες· ὃ χεῖρον εἶναί μοι δοκεῖ ταύτας προεκθέσθαι. πρῶτον μεν ἦν ἰδέα προσώπου καὶ βλέμματι καὶ κινήματι πρᾳῷ καὶ καταϛηματικὸς ἦν ὁ Τιβέριος, ἔνιον δὲ καὶ σφοδρὸς

forces; an office which had proved a ſource of opulence to almoſt every perſon by whom it had been enjoyed. This he executed with the moſt punctual attention to the neceſſities of the ſoldiery, and ſuch diſintereſted regard to the ſevereſt dictates of honour, as not only conciliated the warmeſt affection of the troops, but even inſpired foreign potentates with admiration and eſteem *.

COURAGE, moderation, liberality, public ſpirit, and greatneſs of ſoul, were qualities which the Two Brothers held in common, with a glowing ſenſe of friendſhip, and a philoſophical contempt of pleaſure. Theſe advantages were reinforced by a dignified air, an engaging countenance, and all thoſe graces of nature which could ſerve as a recommendation to ſuch ſuperlative merit †.

σφοδρὸς ὁ Γάϊος· ἔπειτα ὁ λόγος τοῦ μὲν Γαΐου φοβερὸς καὶ περιπαθὴς εἰς δείνωσιν, ἡδίων δὲ ὁ τοῦ Τιβερίου, καὶ μᾶλλον ἐπαγωγὸς οἴκτου· τῇ δὲ λέξει καθαρὸς καὶ διαπεπονημένος ἀκριβῶς ἐκεῖνος, ὁ δὲ Γαΐου, πιθανὸς καὶ γεγανωμένος. Vide Vertot's Revolution of Rome, lib. viii.

* Καὶ πρῶτον μὲν ἐκ Λιβύης παρὰ Μικιψᾶ τῶ βασιλέως πρέσβεις παραγενομένους, καὶ λέγοντας ὡς ὁ βασιλεὺς χάριτι Γαΐου Γρακχου πέμψειεν εἰς Σαρδόνα σῖτον τῷ στρατηγῷ, δυσχεραίνοντες ἐξέβαλον.

† The following Extracts from Dr. SMOLLETT's DEDICATION of the BRITISH MAGAZINE to Mr. PITT

may ſerve to complete the PARALLEL, which ſome readers may perhaps think, would ſeem to conclude rather abruptly:

"Malice itſelf muſt own, that whatever the warmeſt imagination could ſuggeſt, whatever the fondeſt hope could preſage, from your ſublime talents and incorruptible integrity, hath been more than realized by your conduct, ſince you charged yourſelf with the direction of public affairs.

"Endowed by nature with that vigour of mind which conſtitutes the true baſis of magnanimity, and animated with ſuch patriot zeal as would have dignified the firſt citizen of the Roman republic, you have reſtored your country to that rank which ſhe ought to maintain among the nations. You have healed her diviſions, aboliſhed the diſtinctions of party, and, by your own perſonal importance, united all your fellow ſubjects in one generous and hearty concurrence to ſupport the dignity and proſecute the true intereſt of the Common-wealth.

"You have inſpired our councils with courage, fortitude, and wiſdom: you have directed our national efforts to the purſuit of true glory and infallible ſucceſs. Under the auſpices of your Miniſtry, diſtinguiſhed above all others for vigilance, ſteadineſs, and foreſight, our arms by ſea and land are again accuſtomed to triumph: they have raiſed immortal trophies in the four diviſions of the globe. Europe, Aſia, Africa, and America, have in their turns beheld illuſtrious proofs of Britiſh valour; and Victory ſeems to have choſen her ſtation between the knees of our aged Sovereign.

"Embelliſhed with theſe great and glorious events, this period will, in the annals of Great Britain, ſhine with unrivalled and unfading luſtre. The adminiſtration of a PITT, ſo dear to the preſent age, which fills our mouths with praiſe and our hearts with exultation, will become the hiſtorian's favourite æra, and prove, to lateſt poſterity, a darling theme of admiration and applauſe."

ESSAY II.

OMRAH, the ſon of Abulfaid, of the ſeed of the faithful, native of the city of Bir, in the province of Diarbekr, or Algiezirah, fertilized by the waters of El-pharat *, being fired by the pride of youth, and ſtimulated by a thirſt after knowledge, reſolved to improve his mind by travelling into foreign countries. He accordingly mounted his camel, and departed with the caravan for Baſrah, where he arrived without accident, and made a conſiderable purchaſe of the moſt beautiful pearls. Having thus far happily performed his journey, his heart panted with deſire to viſit the imperial city of Baghdad, where he might be an eye-witneſs of the glory and magnificence that ſurrounded the perſon of the renowned khaliph Haroun al Raſchid, the ſublime ſucceſſor of the Prophet, the emperor of the faithful, the roſe of delight, the ſteward of Paradiſe, the cheriſher of merit, whoſe countenance ſhone like the viſion

* The Euphrates is called by the natives El-pharat.

of Al Borak *, whose wings were perpetually dropping with the dews of liberality, and extended for shelter to all the children of distress.

Omrah, elevated with success, and glowing with the reflection of his own importance, considered through the medium of youthful vanity, set out from Basrah, without guide or company, and had already advanced as far as the delightful plains of Hella, within a day's journey of the great city. The sun had begun to gild the horizon; the heavens displayed an unclouded expanse of blue serenity; the fig-tree, the citron, the palm, and pomegranate, seemed to open their arms to welcome the new-born day; the verdant plants that adorn the banks of El-pharat, glittered with the dew-drops of the morning; the young camel, the wanton fawn, the bounding antelope, and nimble zebra, sported along the meads, and every bush resounded with the melody of the winged choristers. Every thing concurred to fill the heart of our youth with gaiety and good-humour, and inspire his breast with that self-confidence which never fails to darken the natural lights of sense and reason. Here he

* Al Borak, according to the Koran, was the beast that carried Mahomet to heaven. His face was like that of a man; and his eyes shone with as great a lustre as the stars would display, were they enlightened by the rays of the sun.

was

was overtaken by two perſonages, whoſe appearance forthwith attracted his attention. One of them ſeemed to be a man in ſtature, but a child in countenance: his eyes were vacant, his features inanimated; his mouth was unfurniſhed with teeth, and an inſipid ſmile languiſhed inceſſantly on his face. His neck was hung round with tinkling cymbals: in his hand he carried a pole, to the end of which was fixed the bladder of a dromedary, diſtended with air, and containing a few poliſhed pebbles. This inſtrument he rattled ever and anon, and ſeemed to take pleaſure in the ſound it produced. His companion, who performed the office of tutor, and led him by a bow-ſtring faſtened to his girdle, appeared to be of the middle age, tall, robuſt, and brawny, with a brindled beard and froward viſage. The place of one eye was covered with a patch of black taffeta; the other, ſurrounded with a livid circle, glared like a comet portending the vengeance of heaven: his noſe, which was curved like the ſtaff of the khaliph, had been levelled to his face by the ſtroke of accident; his forehead was indented with ſcars; his teeth were broken and diſplaced; his turban was ſtained with blood: his garment was torn, and he halted on one leg like Ebn Zaid, the emir of Mouſſul. A ſcymetar of Damaſcus hung upon his thigh, without a ſcabbard; and in his hand he bore a ſplintered lance, the remains of ſome tour-

nament in which he had been engaged. Notwithſtanding his ferocious appearance, he accoſted our traveller in a courteous manner; and, underſtanding his purpoſe of viſiting Baghdad, offered to conduct him the neareſt way to that city. Omrah being naturally affable, accepted this offer, and, joining theſe two ſtrangers, was agreeably entertained with the ſingular adventures which the lame tutor recounted.

At length they arrived at the foot of a mountain, where the road was divided into two paths: one of theſe was wide, ſafe, and agreeable, winding along the level plain, ſo as to form a conſiderable circuit; the other, dangerous and difficult, aſcended the mountain, and, in one place, bordered on the brink of a precipice that overhung the river El-pharat, at that time ſwelled by the vernal rains. This, as the ſhorteſt, was choſen by the lame guide; and Omrah followed his footſteps, even againſt the dictates of his own judgement; but he was overawed by the fear of appearing puſillanimous in the ſight of his conductor. They had made conſiderable progreſs, notwithſtanding the inconveniencies of the way, when, in paſſing over the edge of a ſteep rock, the younger of his two fellow-travellers ſhook his rattle; the noiſe of which alarmed an owl, that repoſed herſelf in a ſmall thicket which bordered on the path. Affrighted

frighted at the ſound, ſhe flapped her wings, and ſcreeching at the ſame time, darted full in the face of the aſtoniſhed Omrah, who, ſtarting with ſurpriſe, fell over the precipice, and plunged into the waves of the El-pharat. Though he had the reputation of an excellent ſwimmer, ſuch was the rapidity of the ſtream as to hurry him more than ten paraſangs below the place where he fell: but at length he reached the ſhore, half dead with terror, fatigue, and vexation: for he had loſt his turban, which was adorned with jewels of ineſtimable value. In this deplorable ſituation he was found by a peaſant, who conveyed him to his cottage, and adminiſtered to him with great humanity in the courſe of a fever, which the agitation of his mind and body had produced.

One day while he wandered among the groves of citrons that ſkirted the river, to inhale the refreſhing air, and congratulated himſelf upon his recovery, his eyes were ſuddenly dazzled with the apparition of a female, ſo raviſhingly beautiful, that he miſtook her for one of the Houri, thoſe immortal daughters of delight, with whom the faithful Moſlems ſolace themſelves in Paradiſe. Her eyes were black, large, and comely, like thoſe of the wanton heifer that crops the yellow flowers in the enamelled meadows of Yerak: her cheeks glowed with the crimſon dye of youth, more gorgeous

than the full blown rose that perfumes the gardens of Damascus: her teeth were white, and polished as the sceptre of the khaliph, and regularly set, like the rows of cypress that shade the bazars of Diarbekr: her raven tresses, that flowed adown her shoulders, were interwoven with sprigs of diamonds, which sparkled like the stars of heaven through the sable curtain of the night: her neck was snowy as the flour of Ophra, elegantly turned, smooth, and glossy, like the swans that ride upon the waters of Diglut *: her breasts were seen to rise through a transparent veil, like two marble cupolas in the stately mosque of Bir. In a word, her form was exquisite, and her splendid apparel so contrived as to exhibit every charm to the greatest advantage. She turned her eyes upon Omrah, and her look was accompanied with such a smile as captivated the sense, and kindled in his heart a transport of desire. When she retired, he followed her steps to the purlieus of her habitation, which might be justly termed the Bower of Bliss, so lavishly was it adorned with all the beauties of nature and of art. Here he was checked by reverential awe, afraid of intruding upon the privacy of some voluptuous Genie, who he supposed had fixed her residence in this enchanting spot.

* The River Tigris, so called.

WHILE

WHILE he ſtood heſitating between love and apprehenſion, he was joined by an impetuous youth, with ruddy locks and grey eyes, that glanced like the pearls of Baſrah: his noſe was aquiline, and his complexion ſo florid, that his blood ſeemed ready to burſt the veſſels in which it was contained. His breath was more ſcorching than the blaſt called *ſamiel*, that ſmites the traveller even to the marrow; and his ſkin felt like the touch of the angel of fire: his robe was ſtained with the juice of the grape, forbid to the followers of the Prophet: he ſmelled like the rams of Khurdiſtan; and brandiſhed a dagger, that glittered like the *ſam ſamah* of the invincible Haroun al Raſchid. He approached Omrah without ſpeaking, and, ſeizing his hand, conveyed him with the ſwiftneſs of lightning to the bower of the beautiful unknown. There he met with ſuch reception as ſuited his moſt ſanguine wiſh: the enchantreſs flew to his embrace, and he took full poſſeſſion of her charms; ſo that for ſome time his ſenſes were drowned in extaſy.

BUT alas! this tranſport was of ſhort duration: next morning waking from his trance, he found himſelf ſtretched among ſtraw in a wretched ſolitary hut, abandoned by his inamorata, and robbed of all his pearls. He ſtarted up with horror, and, ruſhing into the open air, perceived that all the gaiety of the landſcape

landſcape was vaniſhed. Caſting his eyes around, he beheld nothing but a dreary waſte of brakes and bogs, roughened with ſome rugged rocks, among which he ſaw ſome half-ſtarved goats and monkies, the emblems of lewdneſs and obſcenity. At length in a dark corner of the cottage he diſcovered an old hag, lying extended on a mat, and groaning with all the agony of diſtemper. He approached this miſerable object, notwithſtanding an almoſt intolerable ſtench that annoyed his noſtrils; but ſhe was incapable of conveying the leaſt verbal information. There was hardly any veſtige of her noſe remaining: her teeth, her palate, and her throat, were half conſumed with putrefying ſores. What he could not learn from her tongue, he gueſſed from her condition. Dread and abhorrence winged his flight from this infectious ſcene. Smiting his breaſt in a tranſport of conſternation and remorſe, "O Allah! (cried he) is this the fruit of that virtuous education which I imbibed at Bir under the wings of my indulgent parents! Are theſe the effects of the ſage precepts inculcated on my tender mind by the venerable Abulſaid, whoſe wiſdom diffuſed a grateful odour, like the gums and ſpices of Yeman? Wretched Omrah! how have thy folly and miſconduct diſgraced thy family, and brought thee to ſhame and perdition? Thou haſt obeyed the impulſe of the moſt brutal and dangerous paſſions!

Thou

Thou haſt ruſhed into the arms of vice, and held guilty dalliance with infamy and diſeaſe? Thou art ſtripped of all thy wealth, derived from inheritance and induſtry: thy morals are corrupted, and in thy fleſh are ſown the ſeeds of pain and putrefaction! Die, miſerable Omrah! for thou art unworthy to live, or be numbered among the followers of the Prophet." So ſaying, he pulled from his girdle a poignard which his evil fortune had ſpared, and, calling upon the angel of the dead, would have buried it in his boſom, had not his hand been ſuddenly arreſted. Thus reſtrained, he turned about, and found himſelf withheld by an aged Derviſe, whoſe appearance inſpired him with reverence and awe. His eyes were bright and piercing, like thoſe of the eagle of Irak; but his looks were mild and benign: every feature breathed ſenſibility; and the diſpoſition of the whole formed an amiable aſpect of ſweetneſs and compoſure. Age had robbed his forehead of its honours; but his white beard deſcended to his middle. He was cloathed in a ſimple garment of camel's hair; his feet were defended by ſandals of packthread; and in his hand he held a roſary, according to the cuſtom of the Moſlem devotees.

HAVING recited the apothegm of Allah Ackbar, God is good, "Hold, my ſon (ſaid he), nor meanly give way to the frantic dictates of deſpair: remember

remember what thou oweſt to thyſelf, thy family, thy country, and thy religion. Conſider, the life which thou art raſhly going to throw away is not at thy diſpoſal; it is a ſacred truſt, for which thou art accountable to the great Giver. He it is that placed thee in this ſublunary ſtate of probation, to fulfil the wiſe purpoſes of Providence; and ſhalt thou revolt againſt his decrees, and, like a coward or a traitor, abandon thy poſt without permiſſion? Wilt thou ruſh precipitately into the preſence of the offended Allah? Wilt thou preſume to mingle with the pure ſpirits of the faithful, ſtained as thou muſt be with the dreadful guilt of ſuicide? Thy country demands that life which thou haſt no right to take away. In withdrawing thyſelf from the land of the living, thou robbeſt thy Prince of a ſubject; thou robbeſt the community of thoſe talents which were beſtowed upon thee for the uſe and benefit of thy fellow-citizens; and thou entaileſt diſgrace upon the family which gave thee being. Wilt thou then plunge into eternity, with ſuch complicated horrors on thy head? Ah! no. Let it not be ſaid, that the ſeed of a believing Muſſulman, trained up in the true faith of the ever-bleſſed Prophet, and admitted to kiſs the ſacred threſhold of the Caabah, ſhould bring forth ſuch bitter fruit of wickedneſs and woe."

EVERY word which the ſenior ſpoke, ſeemed to penetrate to the heart of Omrah; the poignard dropped from his hand; the agitation of his mind ſubſided; his looks ſoftened into the expreſſion of penitential ſorrow; and his cheeks were bedewed with the tears of contrition. He fell on his knees before the reverend Derviſe, and graſping his hand, "Father (cried he), I ſubmit to the irreſiſtible force of your reaſon. You have taught me to acquieſce in the diſpenſations of Providence: pity an hapleſs young man, far removed from the advice and aſſiſtance of his friends, miſled by the paſſions of youth, perſecuted by misfortune, and betrayed by iniquity. You have ſaved me from the commiſſion of a crime, the remembrance of which fills me with horror. Extend your charity ſtill farther, and aid me with your ſalutary counſel, more precious than the fragrant gums of Hayaman; counſel flowing from the ſacred ſprings of ſtudy and experience."

AFTER this preamble, he recounted the diſaſters which had befallen him, and deſcribed the ſnares into which he had fallen. The Derviſe, having liſtened to his tale with the moſt humane complacency, undertook the office of comforter, bade him be of good cheer, and thank heaven for the dangers he had eſcaped. He obſerved, that adverſity was the moſt uſeful ſchool of life: he demonſtrated the

insignificance and fugitive nature of wealth: he reminded him of his youth, vigour and qualifications, and unfolded a variety of fair prospects for the exertion of his industry and perseverance; he promised to secure his constitution by means of an antidote, the juice of a certain herb which grows upon the mountains of Kurdo, lately discovered by the khaliph's physician Gabriel, the son of Bakhtisou, an heretic of the superstition of the Jesides: finally, he invited him to his hermitage in the neighbourhood, whither he was accompanied by the grateful Omrah.

EVERY word that flowed from the mouth of the Dervise was pointed with wisdom, or smoothed with humanity. His conversation stole imperceptibly into the heart of Omrah, and his demeanour inspired him with reverence and affection. He was commodiously lodged in the hermitage, and treated with parental care, undebauched by vitious tenderness; for he found himself restricted to the food of temperance and frugality, while his host administered to him the promised antidote, which in a little time destroyed the seeds of that poison which had begun to germinate in his constitution. It was a much more difficult task to purify his mind, and eradicate those bad habits which youth and passion had engendered: this, however, the Dervise did not decline, as he perceived

ceived in his pupil a remarkable ſenſibility of heart, together with an uncommon acuteneſs and ductility of underſtanding. His vanity and pride were already mortified by the diſaſters he had undergone: but that mortification was the effect of diſappointment; and thoſe paſſions would, in all probability, have revived in proportion as the ſenſe of calamity abated, if the Derviſe had not taken a more effectual method to ſubdue them with the arms of reaſon and philoſophy. He made a fair eſtimate of all the young man's accompliſhments, balanced them with his defects, and ſhewed how the latter ſcale preponderated. He proved, that, in point of perſonal qualification, he was equalled, if not excelled, by many of his cotemporaries: that he was rivalled in beauty by the phyſician Gabriel, the ſon of Bakhtiſou: that he could not throw the javelin like Muſa Ebn Iſa, the præfect of Egypt; nor manage the ſteed like Moſlema Ebn Yahya, who had been trained up with the khaliph; nor run the tilt like Amru Ebn Mahran, who won the prize in the famous tournament held at Gezirah, built on an Iſland of Diglut. He obſerved, that Omrah could not be more loyal than Yahya Ebn Khalid Ebn Baramack; nor more liberal than his ſon Giafar, the firſt favourite of the empire, on whom the khaliph beſtowed his own ſiſter in marriage; nor more brave than this favourite's

favourite's brother, Fadl, who extinguiſhed the rebellion of Yahya Ebn Abdallah. Such were the qualities of the celebrated houſe of Baramack. He convinced him, that in point of genius and knowledge, he could not be compared to many of the khaliph's ſlaves: that in poetry he was infinitely ſurpaſſed by Abounaovas, who compoſed the famous ſtanza upon the verſe ſent by one of the Queen's damſels to Haroun al Raſchid: that in piety he fell far ſhort of Ebn Adhem, who, in a viſion, ſaw the angel writing his name among thoſe who ſincerely loved their Creator: that in medicine he was ignorant, in compariſon of the Chriſtian Gabriel and the Indian Mangheh; which laſt was ſaid to have the hand of Moſes and the breath of Meſſiah: that in metaphyſics he was eclipſed by Abouſaid Aſami, who wrote the famous treatiſe on the ſublime doctrines of the ſoul, intituled, Fahouat-u al naderat; and that he was a child in philoſophy and juriſprudence, when compared to Morabek and Bahaloul. Finally, he reminded our youth of the diſtreſsful circumſtances to which he was reduced by the loſs of his turban, and the treachery of her with whom he had held vicious dalliance.

By theſe and other ſuch wiſe remonſtrances, the diſpoſition of Omrah was entirely changed. He began to look upon himſelf with that contempt and diffidence,

fidence, which lay the foundations of wiſdom. His heart, which pride had hardened, was now melted by humanity, and overflowed with all the tenderneſs of benevolence: all the vain projects of his early youth vaniſhed, like the phantoms of a morning dream: he obtained an abſolute victory over his moſt unruly paſſions; and now retained no ambition but that of diſtinguiſhing himſelf among his fellow-creatures by his ſuperior ſagacity and virtue. In theſe ſentiments, he liſtened with the moſt eager attention to the inſtructions of the Derviſe, who was not only conſummate maſter of all the philoſophy and learning of the Eaſt, but likewiſe ſkilled in the policy of nations, the cuſtoms and manners of mankind, and intimately acquainted with all the ſprings that move the human mind. His knowledge was ſo univerſal, and his virtue ſo ſublime, that Omrah believed him a ſupernatural being, and could hardly refrain from worſhip and adoration. He did not fail, however, to make advantage of the precious moments which the opportunity offered. He carefully treaſured up the leſſons of his tutor, and, in one annual revolution of the ſun, his mind was ſo well ſtored with wiſdom and erudition, that the Derviſe pronounced him qualified as a profeſſor in the famous college at Madraſah al Moſtan Seriah, which the khaliph had lately eſtabliſhed in the city of Baghdad.

dad. Nevertheleſs, Omrah was not yet ſatisfied with the proficiency he had made, and reſolved to paſs another year in the proſecution of his ſtudies, within the boſom of this charming retreat, when his reſolution was fruſtrated by an unexpected event. From the aga of the caravan of Bir, which paſſed near the ſkirts of the hermitage, he learned that the venerable Abulfaid had paid his debt to nature; and that his mother, the virtuous Kadiſha, mourned, without ceaſing, the death of her huſband, and the abſence of her ſon, of whom ſhe had heard no tidings ſince his departure.

Omrah's filial tenderneſs was waked by this intelligence. Having paid the tribute of tears to the memory of his father, he conſulted the Derviſe with reſpect to his future conduct, and was exhorted to return to Bir, and ſettle the affairs of his family. Being enriched with other ſalutary advice, he took leave of his kind preceptor, joined the caravan, arrived at Bir, comforted his mother, and found himſelf heir to a conſiderable fortune. Mindful of the Derviſe's injunctions, he converted his eſtate into jewels, and ſet out the neareſt road for Baghdad, determined to devote his talents to the ſervice of his country. He again departed with the caravan for Mouſſul, which was chiefly loaded with dyed goat-ſkins, linen and cotton;

and

and on the plains of Orfa had an opportunity of ſignalizing his valour in an engagement with a body of Curdes and Tartars, who attacked the eſcorte, and were routed after a ſevere action, in which Omrah ſlew with his own hand one of the fierceſt Scheicks of the enemy. They paſſed over the verdant hills of Hojaſor, covered with ſheep, and through the vales of Murdin, ſhaded with the date, the fig, and the pomegranate: then making a circuit round the mountains of Balad, they viſited the ancient city of Niſibin, watered by the delightful ſtream of Hermas. Having croſſed the ſtately bridge of Niſibin, they for five days travelled through the parched and deſart country of Sinjar, before they reached the ſpacious city of Mouſſul, ſeated on the pleaſant banks of the Diglut.

Even the delicious melons which this territory affords, and the curioſities with which the place abounds, could not, in the opinion of Omrah, make atonement for the exceſſive heat that reigns here in the ſummer: he therefore quitted it with the firſt opportunity, and proſecuting his journey by the way of Karkak, arrived in ſafety at the Imperial city of Baghdad, the centre of terreſtrial paradiſe, and the pearl of human greatneſs.

It was in the night al Kadr, denominated of divine decree, in the month Ramadan, that Omrah

rah entered the weſtern city, called Kaſr, and was ſtruck dumb with aſtoniſhment and admiration at ſight of the Dar al Khalifa, or palace of the immortal Haroun al Raſchid, who ſat inthroned above the Princes of the nations, in a blaze of ſplendor that dazzled the eyes, and confounded the pride, of all beholders.

OMRAH proſtrated himſelf in a tranſport of wonder and delight, and found himſelf irreſiſtibly attracted by an eager deſire to be received among the ſervants of the invincible khaliph. He ſpent the firſt days after his arrival in ſurveying the moſques, the bazars, the palaces, gardens, and canals of this magnificent city: then he conſulted the khaliph's jeweller, to whom he had been recommended by one of his kinſmen at Bir.

THIS perſon, whoſe name was Ali Ebn Azrah, conducted him to a field on the farther ſide of the Diglut; where he perceived, on the ſummit of a very high mountain, ſeemingly inacceſſible, a temple that ſhone like adamant. "Behold, ſaid Ali, the hill of Akoba, and *Caſtle of Diſtinction*, which every man muſt reach before he can obtain the favour of the khaliph. The attempt is attended with imminent danger; and incredible labour, as well as ſkill, muſt be exerted by him who climbs the precipice, treads the burning ſands, paſſes

paſſes through the almoſt impenetrable brake, and diſcomfits the formidable guards that hover about the ſkirts of the fortreſs."

THE peril and difficulties annexed to this enterprize, ſerved only to inflame the ambition of Omrah, who would have begun the aſcent without heſitation, had he not been aſſured by Ali, that each adventurer was permitted to chuſe two guides from a multitude of perſonages who conſtantly plied at the foot of the hill, on purpoſe to be employed. Of theſe he ſelected the firſt that engaged his attention. This was a florid youth, with an inſinuating look and ever-dimpling ſmile, that played upon his viſage like the circling eddies that ſportive whirl upon the tranſparent ſtream of Belikah. He was tall, ſtraight, and vigorous; ſtrong as the Camel of Halab, and nimble as al Jerbua of the deſert. His robe was covered with the moſt luxuriant deſigns of embroidery: in his left hand he held a vial, caſed in filigrane of gold; and in his right a picture of the caſtle, drawn with ſuch exquiſite art as to faſcinate the eyes of the ſpectator. This he no ſooner preſented to the view of Omrah, than our youth was ſeized with an extaſy of impatience to atchieve the adventure; for the painter had not only repreſented all the beauties and elegancies of the temple with the moſt

flattering exaggeration, but alſo exhibited Hazima, the caliph's treaſurer, ſitting on a throne before the portal, diſtributing, with a liberal hand, preferment, honours, and rewards, to the happy few who reached the area of the caſtle. The other guide whom Omrah choſe, formed a remarkable contraſt with the former. He ſeemed to be turned of fifty, thick, ſquat, and broad-ſhouldered; cloathed in a plain garment, girded about his loins with ropes called *ypes*, uſed by the porters of Baghdad. His features were contracted not ſo much by age as by a continued ſeverity of attention; and his eyes gleamed from under his wrinkled forehead, like two unpoliſhed carbuncles ſhining through the rugged cliffs of Araban. He examined our youth with the moſt minute and curious ſurvey; then buckled on his head a helmet of cork, and taking in his hand a long pole, with an iron hook at one end, walked with a firm and deliberate pace behind Omrah, who eagerly followed the footſteps of his youthful conductor. He was already almoſt fainting with fatigue when he had ſurmounted one precipice, and ſaw another above him much more high, and almoſt perpendicular. His heart began to fail at this proſpect, when the junior held up the picture before his eyes, and at the ſame time preſented the vial, exhorting him to ſwallow a mouthful of that incomparable cordial.

cordial. He complied with this advice, and found it more delicious than the ſherbet of Ophra, compounded for the haram of the khaliph. His ſpirits were not only inſtantaneouſly refreſhed, but his heart was inſpired with ſuch confidence as he had never felt before, and his looks were lighted up with a tranſport of courage and ambition. The triumvirate now ſtood upon the projection of a rock about ſix feet ſquare; and the younger of his guides, having pocketed his picture and vial, began to climb the ſteep rock, which in ſome meaſure over-hung this reſting-place. He had already fixed his right hand on the brink of the ſummit, when the ſenior ſuddenly ſeizing Omrah, threw him flat on the ground in an inſtant, and, extending himſelf upon his body, preſſed him to the rock with irreſiſtible force.

Our adventurer had not time to expoſtulate on this ſeeming outrage. The firſt object he perceived was his youthful conductor tumbling down from the ſummit, in ſuch a direction, that, if the ſenior had not committed this violence, he muſt have ſtruck him in his fall, and daſhed him in pieces among the rocks which they had already aſcended.

The part of the ſummit on which the guide had laid hold was a looſe fragment, that ſeparated from

the rock, and pitched upon the helmet of the elder guide, from whence it rebounded harmleſs, and fell at a conſiderable diſtance from the foot of the precipice.

OMRAH, in the midſt of his acknowledgments to his ſage preſerver, could not help lamenting the loſs of his other attendant, when the old man bade him caſt his eyes below, where he ſaw him limping off the field, in all appearance very little damaged by his fall, though he did not attempt to re-aſcend the rock to the aſſiſtance of his pupil.

THE remaining guide, having obſerved the precipice above with great attention, unbound his ypes; one end of which he tied round the middle of Omrah, keeping the other faſt about his own body; then fixing the hook of his pole upon the trunk of a wild aſh, which grew from a cleft in the rock, he drew himſelf up, and afterwards, by means of the rope, dragged Omrah into the ſame hollow. This operation being repeated, they both reached the ſummit in ſafety; and our adventurer looked back upon the dangers he had undergone with a mingled tranſport of joy and horror. Nor was the proſpect before him much more comfortable. He found himſelf obliged to paſs over a long tract of looſe burning ſand, like that of the deſert of Barkha; at the farther end of which he perceived

perceived a thick and seemingly impassable brake of thorns, briars, and brambles; but he saw neither grove nor caravansera for refreshment or repose, nor the least sign of water to quench his thirst, which was already become almost intolerable. He would now have desisted from his pursuit, but there was an impossibility of retreating, and his guide told him, that his safety and success depended entirely upon his perseverance. He resolved, therefore, to redouble all his efforts; and his companion accommodating him with an occasional umbrella made of the palmetto-leaf, fixed to the end of his pole, he proceeded through the blasted plain with astonishing vigour: but when at length he approached the brake, weary, faint, and exhausted; when he saw how thick the thorns were set, and how the briars and brambles were entangled together; when he viewed the numerous and dreadful adversaries whom he had to encounter, on the space between this boundary and the drawbridge; he was abandoned by his constancy and courage; his heart died within him; and he declared he would lie down and perish among the scorching sand, rather than encounter such insurmountable toils, or engage with such an host of terrors. His attendant, seeing him overwhelmed with despair, sought not to animate him to new endeavours. His province was not to stimulate and

encourage, but to foreſee danger and prevent accident. He lifted the youth upon his back, with as much eaſe as if he had been a child new born; and carrying him to the left, about the length of one paraſang, arrived at the brink of a rapid ſtream, which Omrah beheld with a tranſport of joy: but this was inſtantly damped, when he heard his conductor exclaim, "Theſe be the waters of Diſappointment, too bitter to regale thy palate; "though, perhaps they may ſerve to extinguiſh "thy ambition." So ſaying, he claſped the youth in his arms, and plunged into the torrent, which was equally deep and impetuous.

THE force with which Omrah was precipitated from the bank of the river, ſunk them both to the bottom, where the ſenior diſappeared, after having, by a kind of magical conveyance, fixed the helmet of cork upon the head of his pupil. Thus buoyed, the youth ſoon roſe to the ſurface, when he found himſelf daſhed to and fro among various rocks and contending currents; and in ſpite of all his endeavours to the contrary, was obliged to ſwallow large draughts of the water, which was ten times more unpalatable than the aſhes of the kali, or the ſalt of Ammon, cryſtallized from the urine of Hegen among the ſcorching ſand of the deſart. All his efforts to reach the ſhore would have

have been ineffectual, had he not been accommodated with the helmet, which not only defended his head from violence, but rendered his body ſpecifically lighter than the fluid in which he floated. When his ſtrength failed, he recommended his ſoul to Allah and the prophet, and reſigned himſelf to the violence of the ſtream, which tilting him over a caſcade, loſt all its fury in a ſpreading pool below. Here he recollected his thoughts, and by a ſmall exertion of his ſtrength and ſkill in ſwimming, arrived at the dry land. Nevertheleſs he was ſo much exhauſted by the fatigue and terror he had undergone, that he ſwooned upon the bank; and when he recovered the uſe of his ſenſes, found himſelf in a very dangerous ſituation. He was ſurrounded by a body of armed Curdes on horſeback. A lance was held to his throat by a female warrior, who ſtood over him in the attitude of ſtriking, holding in her left hand his ſcarf and ſcymetar, which ſhe had unbound from his ſide; and one of her attendants had taken poſſeſſion of his helmet.

WHEN he looked up and ſaw this Amazon, he thought it was a viſion of the brain, with which he reſolved to regale his fancy. On the crown of her head aroſe the Botta, adorned with jewels like the tiara of Irak; and her long black hair, tied

together with a silken fillet, flowed down in natural ringlets to the middle of her back, floating and fluctuating on the wanton wind. Her shoulder was graced with an embossed quiver, plentifully supplied with arrows; and on the same side was slung a bow tipped with ivory, and studded with precious stones. Her upper garment was faced with ermin, wide, short, and open, displaying the under stole of rich Persian, bound about her middle with a scarf of Damascus, but parting at the knee so as to discloſe her delicate limbs cased in embroidered buskins. Her face was beautiful as the idea that true Moslems have of the Carubun and Sajeduh, angels that adore the Most High in the seventh heaven; and her eyes lightened like the precious stone of Hasala, which the prophet saw in the vision Borak. Though her posture was menacing, her looks were benign; and through the resentment that glowed on her visage, there shone such an emanation of softness and complacency, that the first emotion of Omrah was not fear, but admiration and love. "Hapless wretch! (cried she in a tone sweet as the murmurs of al Cawthur, the fountains that warble as they flow from under the tree Sedrut) recommend thyself to the faithful of God, the angel of death that presides over seventy thousand, who is now ready to blot thy detested name from the book of life.—

Thou

Thou haſt ſlain the young prince of the Curdes, my betrothed lord; theſe be the trophies of thy cruel victory. This ſcarf I wove with my own fingers, ſitting in my bower, by one of the ſprings of Amada on the mountain." "Fair princeſs (replied the youth), cruelty and injuſtice cannot lurk under ſuch an aſpect of innocence and humanity. My heart is more endangered by the ſhafts of your beauty, than by the point of your lance. The ſcarf you have recognized was fairly won in battle, from a perſon who attacked me without provocation. Nevertheleſs, if it has been my misfortune unwillingly to incur the diſpleaſure of ſuch perfection, execute your threats. I will gladly die by your avenging hand; but I cannot live the object of your reſentment."

At theſe words her cheeks were overſpread with a deep ſuffuſion; ſhe withdrew her lance, ſaying, "I will not ſtain myſelf with thy blood; thou ſhalt be reſerved for the juſtice of my ſovereign, whoſe camp is pitched in the receſs of a deep valley to the northward of yonder ſhaggy mountain." He was accordingly fettered by her retinue, and mounted behind one of the horſemen, with whom ſhe forthwith ſet out on her return from the excurſion ſhe had made. They were benighted in a thick wood, where they pitched occaſional tents,

in one of which Omrah was secured under a strong guard. At midnight, while he ruminated on his hard fate, his lovely enslaver on a sudden stood before him, her eyes streaming with tears. "Stranger (cried she), this is no time for dissembling; thou hast made an impression on my heart. Far from dragging thee before the footstool of Amru, who would devote thee to instant death for the murder of his son, I will instantly set thee free, and am almost tempted to follow thy fortune. Here, take thy scymetar, and wear the scarf for my sake! Thou art more worthy than its former possessor, the most brutal of all the Scheicks in Curdistan. Two horsemen, whom I have selected for the purpose, wait without to conduct thee beyond the farthest extent of our hostile inroads upon Yeman. Arise without delay, and profit by this precious opportunity; which if once lost, will never be retrieved." Omrah's whole soul was dissolved in tenderness by this unexpected adddress. He prostrated himself before her, and declared in the most passionate strain, that he should have more joy in dying at her feet, than in tasting the greatest favours that fortune could bestow without her presence and participation. "You must not die (she hastily exclaimed): such an event would prove fatal to her whom you pretend to love. Know, that although I live among these barbarous

barbarous tribes, I am not by birth a Curde: recommend me to thy Prophet, whom I alſo adore: away, and remember the unfortunate Fatima." So ſaying, ſhe made a ſignal, in conſequence of which the two horſemen entered the tent, ſeized our youth by the arms, and conveying him to the door, lifted him up on a beautiful ſteed gaily capariſoned. They mounted their horſes at the ſame time, and one of them taking hold of the reins of his bridle, they proceeded in ſilence, the heart of Omrah being overwhelmed with grief, anxiety, and confuſion.

AFTER having traverſed ſeveral thickets, marſhes, and mountains, they found themſelves in the morning on the ſkirts of an extenſive plain; when one of the two conductors quitting the bridle of Omrah's horſe, pointed with his finger to the Eaſt; and the youth, caſting his eyes that way, diſcerned the towers and minarets of Baghdad: then the Curdes, laying the finger to the lip, as a ſignal to enjoin ſilence, turned about their horſes, and rode off at full ſpeed, leaving the ſon of Abulfaid to proſecute his reflections on the ſtrange viciſſitudes of his fortune. It was not without the utmoſt perplexity that he revolved a variety of thoughts, in which the amiable Fatima ſtill maintained the aſcendancy ſhe had ſo ſurpriſingly

acquired. Her beauteous image was ſtill preſent to his fancy, and her laſt words ſtill ſounded in his ears: "Remember the unfortunate Fatima!" Sometimes he was tempted to return and regale himſelf with another ſight of her, though at the certain expence of his life. Sometimes he was fired with the hope of giving ſuch information to the khaliph, as would induce him to ſend a body of troops to intercept the Curdes in their retreat: the firſt, upon recollection, appeared to be a ſcheme ſuggeſted by madneſs; the other he foreſaw would be impracticable. At length he reſolved to retire from the hurry of courts and cities, and cultivate the virtues of private life in ſome quiet retreat. The very ſpot over which he now travelled, ſeemed remarkably adapted by nature for the ſcene of his retirement. It was a delightful plain, waved into a number of agreeable ſwells, tufted with groves, and watered with tranſparent ſtreamlets. Beſides, it could not be far diſtant from the receſs haunted by the Curdes, among whom his Fatima reſided; and he was flattered with the hope of one day reviewing the idol of his ſoul. Stimulated by theſe conſiderations, he withdrew his effects from the hands of the jeweller Ali Ebn Azrah; agreed with the Emir of the province about the purchaſe of the land upon which he had pitched for a ſettlement; reared up an houſe with ſurpriſing expedition; ſtocked

ſtocked his ground with cattle of all ſorts; bought a number of ſlaves, and parcelled out the ground into corn fields, paſtures, and plantations. Providence crowned his endeavours with ſucceſs. Yellow harveſts waved on every ſide: his flocks and herds multiplied with amazing increaſe: his gardens and orchards glowed with the moſt delicious fruits; the citron, the melon, the pomegranate, the peach, and the nectarine. His fleeces rivalled the fineſt wool of Curdiſtan: and, even before the firſt year of his ruſticity was elapſed, he ſent a large quantity of raw ſilks and camels hair to the bazars of Baghdad. His extenſive œconomy required a great many hands, and fed a conſiderable number of dependants: his herdſmen, peaſants, and ſlaves, partook and rejoiced in his good fortune. All his fellow-creatures were welcome to his advice and aſſiſtance; and his hand was ever ready to relieve the neceſſitous. In a word, his name was diffuſed like a Sabæan odour, and every hill and valley reſounded with ſtrains that were poured forth in praiſe of Omrah, whom they compared to the patriarch Al-Ma'mur, father of the faithful.

In the midſt of all theſe enjoyments, which muſt have been exquiſitely felt by a perſon of Omrah's generous diſpoſition, he ſtill retained the

the idea of the fair Fatima, though it no longer excited painful ſenſations, but rather a tender remembrance, which he cheriſhed with a kind of melancholy ſelf-indulgence. Two years had happily rolled over his head in this pacific ſtate of rural ſequeſtration, when one evening, ſtanding in his porch to enjoy the cooling breeze, he lifted up his eyes, and beheld his friend the Derviſe advancing towards his habitation. He ran forth to meet his worthy preceptor, and, falling on his neck, wept aloud in a tranſport of joy. Then he led him by the hand into his Divan, and welcomed his arrival with ſuch overflowing of gratitude, as might be expected from the benevolent heart of Omrah. When the ſage had refreſhed and repoſed himſelf, his kind hoſt recounted all the particulars of his fate ſince their laſt parting, explained the nature of his preſent ſituation, and concluded by declaring himſelf the happieſt of men.

The Derviſe attentively liſtened to his diſcourſe, but did not ſeem to enter into his raptures. On the contrary, aſſuming a ſeverity of aſpect, "Such (ſaid he) are the avocations allotted for thoſe whom nature hath formed with moderate intellects, to move within the ſhade of life; but her extraordinary talents are beſtowed for other purpoſes of a higher

a higher order; to improve the neceſſary arts, deviſe laws, extend commerce, conduct armies, aſſiſt in moving the machine of government, and contrive patriot plans for the benefit of ſociety. Believe me, ſon, this retreat is criminal: Providence hath deſigned you for the ſervice of the public. I bluſh to think you have been ſo eaſily diſcouraged from the honourable purſuit in which you was engaged. You muſt forthwith quit this favourite privacy, and relinquiſh theſe pleaſures, which ſerve only to enervate the faculties of the ſoul. To-morrow I will lead you back to the hill of Akaba, which you ſhall aſcend by an avenue oppoſite to that which you have attempted in vain; and, before we part, you ſhall be ſupplied with ſuch armour as will enſure ſucceſs." Theſe words acted like a charm upon the heart of Omrah, in which all the ideas of ambition revived. He deſired he might be led forthwith to the trial; and the Derviſe, unwilling to baulk his inclination, ſet out with him upon his journey by moon-light.

THE ſun had not yet gilded the hemiſphere, when they arrived at the foot of the mountain. The aſcent, though ſteep, was not of itſelf very dangerous: the caſtle appeared diſtinct to the eye; and a great number of individuals were ſeen climbing towards it with the utmoſt eagerneſs and induſtry:

induſtry: but every minute was fatal to one or other of theſe adventurers, who were oppoſed and attacked by irregular bands of formidable ruffians, that overſpread the greater part of the hill from top to bottom, having nothing elſe in view but the ruin of thoſe they encountered. As often as their weapons took effect, the unhappy ſufferer loſt his footing, and rolled down with incredible velocity into a dark and diſmal gulph below, in which he ſunk never to riſe again. In order to defend Omrah from the aſſault of theſe hideous freebooters, the Derviſe caſed him in a coat of mail ſo exquiſitely tempered, that neither lance nor arrow, ſcymetar nor mace, could make the leaſt impreſſion upon its ſurface. At the ſame time he armed him with a two-edged ſword, ſo ſharp and ſhining, that no mortal ſubſtance could reſiſt its edge, and no eye endure its ſplendour.

THUS armed, he embraced his counſellor, and ſprang forwards with a look of confidence and alacrity. The firſt inſult he received was from his former fellow-travellers, the tall changeling and his lame tutor, who now occupied the lower part of the declivity. They exhibited no ſigns of recognition at ſight of their old acquaintance, but ran towards him with hoſtile intent. The tutor ſtriking at him with his ſcymetar miſſed his aim, and

and the weapon descended upon his own toe, which it severed from the joint. The junior brandished his pole to as little purpose; for it swung harmless over the head of Omrah, who nevertheless found himself not a little disconcerted by the sound of the cursed rattle, which had once been to him so productive of mischief and misfortune.

HAVING safely passed these associates, he was next encountered by a figure of a hideous aspect, meagre, wan, and yellow; with a squinting blood-shot eye, and deep indented frown, betokening a gloomy mixture of doubt, anxiety, and rage but ill suppressed. His left hand held a halter, and his right was laid upon the pommel of his sword, while he advanced in a menacing posture, attended by an assassin with a dagger and dark lanthorn, and a maniac in his paroxysm of frenzy, clanking his chains, and gnashing his teeth. Their appearance was very dreadful; but their threats they did not endeavour to execute. The foremost of the three stopped short at a small distance from Omrah; and waving with his hand to restrain his followers, contented himself with eyeing the youth earnestly as he passed.

THE third groupe was headed by an old hoary hag, naked to the middle: her skin was tawny, loose, and wrinkled: her cheek-bones projected

projected outwards, and helped to form an hollow pit for her eyes, which were scarce visible; her mouth, extended from ear to ear, was furnished with teeth as sharp as needles; and these she always disclosed like a dog that snarls. Her scalding tears had fretted deep channels on her face, which was a lively expression of rancour and anguish. Her bloated dugs, that hung down to her waist, were sore and cankered; yielding, instead of milk, a constant distillation of poison, which tortured her so severely, that she shrieked aloud at every drop that fell from the nipple. This was carefully collected by some of her attendants in two earthen cups, in which they dipped the arrows they shot at her command. In her hands she held two living snakes, that twined round her arms, and seemed to exasperate her torments with the most hideous hissing. Her troop consisted of a motley crew, as different in their garb as various in their occupations. One tainted the air by diffusing his envenomed breath in whispers, shaking the head, shrugging the shoulders, pointing with the finger, and practising a thousand antic gesticulations. Another with inflated cheeks, and hoarse discordant voice, poured forth a torrent of obloquy, and from a basket slung before him, pelted our youth with balls of filth and ordure. A third rushed forward in the garb of a juggler, with a grinning mask upon

upon his face, an oſtrich feather in his right hand, and in his left a pair of aſſes ears, which he endeavoured to fix upon the head of Omrah. He ſeemed to have no language of his own; but counterfeited a vaſt variety of ſounds peculiar to different animals. He mewed like a cat, roared like a lion, lowed like a camel, and howled like a dog: but he performed no part ſo naturally, as that of braying like an aſs. He laughed and whimpered, ſcolded and ſung, danced like a Marabout, and halted like a cripple. He practiſed a thouſand ludicrous poſtures, and attempted to tickle the throat of Omrah with his feather: but the youth, with his ſword in the ſcabbard, kept him ſtill at a diſtance. He had much more to apprehend from the archers of this infernal band, who ſtood behind their fellows, and plied him with their poiſoned arrows from every quarter. Nothing could have ſaved him from the points of theſe miſſiles, but the mail he had received from the Derviſe, in conſequence of which he perſevered in his aſcent.

THE laſt antagoniſt that took the field againſt him, appeared in the habit of an Iman, huge in ſtature, grave, ſleek, and ſolemn; with a fixed unmeaning eye, and an air of ſupercilious contempt. A large owl perched on each ſhoulder; and he graſped with both hands a leaden mace, which he raiſed

raiſed againſt our adventurer, while the two birds of Athens flapped their wings, and ſcreeched with horrid utterance. Omrah was diſcompoſed at ſight of this gigantic adverſary ſtalking towards him with uplifted arm, and deliberated with himſelf whether he ſhould remain on the defenſive, or prepare for battle. He had not yet determined, when his enemy directing a blow with all his force, the youth nimbly ſlipped aſide, and the momentum of the ſtroke brought the unwieldy Iman to the ground. The hill being ſteep in this place, he rolled down ten paces, until he was ſtopped by a kind of natural terrace; where he lay in a diſgraceful attitude, with his poſteriors expoſed to the deriſion of all paſſengers.

Omrah had now paſſed unhurt through all hoſtilities, and aſcended to the ſummit of the hill, when he perceived the caſtle ſurrounded with a wall of ice, the cold emanations of which began to pierce him to the marrow. Caſting his eyes around, he beheld the ground ſtrewed with the bodies of thoſe, who, after having ſurmounted all the other dangers and difficulties of the hill, had been frozen by the influence of this icy mound; and, in order to avoid the ſame fate, he haſtened to his laſt reſource. He already began to feel his blood creeping ſlow; and his teeth chattered in his

his head, before he could unſheath the enchanted ſword of Merit: but this no ſooner gleamed upon the battlements, than they melted like ſnow beneath the noon-day ſun; and he entered in triumph through the breach it had made.

WITHIN the court he beheld Hazima on his throne; and the luſtre of the ſword having flaſhed in the eyes of that miniſter, he beckoned Omrah towards him with a gracious ſmile. "Son (ſaid he), you have glorioufly paſſed your probation: and now it is my duty to reward your virtue." So ſaying, he ſeated him at his right hand: and the place of his chief ſecretary being vacant, he was forthwith inveſted with that office. Next day, Hazima preſented him to the khaliph; and, in a few months, he inſinuated himſelf into the favour of that mighty emperor.

FORTUNE had now recompenſed him for all his ſufferings; but it was not in her power to intoxicate his fancy, or in the leaſt impair the virtues of his heart; which ſeemed to increaſe in proportion to the means he had of exerciſing them. Wealth flowed in upon him from every quarter; and this he again diſcharged in a thouſand different channels, planned by his ſagacity, and filled by his benevolence.

PASSING

PASSING one night through a bazar near the gate El Maazan, he perceived a number of ſlaves, chained together, ſtanding for ſale; and among the reſt, a tall female, covered with a veil; which he lifted up in order to gratify his curioſity: but what were the emotions of his heart, when he beheld the features of his adorable Fatima! He was ſtruck dumb with a tranſport of joyful ſurprize; while the ſame paſſions operated in her tender boſom with nearly the ſame effect. "Have I then found thee (cried he), thou ineſtimable jewel of my heart? Now ſhall my happineſs be pure without alloy." At this addreſs, her eyes lightened with pleaſure; while ſhe pronounced theſe words: "Allah be praiſed, that I once more behold thee unchanged in ſentiment and affection! I have never ſmiled ſince our laſt parting; but ſighed inceſſantly, and made continual excurſions in hopes of ſeeing thee again.—Providence has bleſſed my endeavours. I and theſe my attendants were yeſterday ſurrounded and taken by a body of the khaliph's gingulile, who have brought us hither for ſale: and Allah, no doubt, ſent thee hither for our relief."

OMRAH inſtantly paid the purchaſe for Fatima and her companions; and conducted them in perſon to his own houſe, where his miſtreſs was

was treated with all the delicacy of the moſt reſpectful love. As their hearts were mutually warmed with the moſt tender affection, he reſolved to be joined to her by the ſolemn nuptial vow; and communicated his deſign to his patron Hazima, who expreſſed a deſire of ſeeing this amiable captive. The requeſt was not altogether ſuitable to the Moſlem cuſtoms; nevertheleſs, it was granted by Omrah, in conſideration of Hazima's age and character. After ſupper, Fatima made her appearance; and the old treaſurer was confounded at her beauty. She was gorgeouſly arrayed for the occaſion; and, among other ornaments, wore on her right arm a remarkable bracelet, decked with the precious ſtones called turquoiſes. Hazima, having eyed this jewel and the wearer by turns, with the moſt eager attention, ſuddenly ſtarted up, the tears running over his ſnowy beard, and exclaimed in the utmoſt agitation, "Holy prophet! is not this Abbaſſah, the darling child of my old age, who was ſtolen by a party of Curdes in her infancy from my ſummer reſidence in the neighbourhood of Caruſara? Look, if that bracelet contains not a portion of hair, with the cypher of her mother, the fair Fadlrouah."

At this exclamation, Omrah ſtood motionleſs, fixed in amazement and expectation: but Fatima, fluſhed with ſtrong emotion, inſtantly unbound the bracelet, and preſented it on her knee to the treaſurer; who, having recognized the cypher, claſped her in his arms, and cried, "She is—ſhe is my long-loſt Abbaſſah." With the ſtreams that bedewed his face ſhe mingled the tears of joy and filial affection, even while her heart was too big for utterance.

Omrah did not ſee this ſcene unmoved. His joy was daſhed with apprehenſion, and he kneeled in anxious ſuſpence before the knees of Hazima, who now, recollecting himſelf, took his daughter by the hand, and delivered it to her enraptured lover. He received her as the beſt gift of Providence, and kiſſed in acknowledgement the hem of Hazima's garment. The day was appointed for their ſpouſals, which were ſolemnized with great magnificence; and Omrah lived to be diſtinguiſhed by the epithet of "The Happy Moſlem."

ESSAY III.

IN that district of Greenland on the western coast distinguished by the name of Amaralek, lived two remarkable personages, called SIBBERSIK and IGLUKA; the former deemed the most accomplished youth that ever worshipped the great *Torngarsuk on this side of the insurmountable icy ridge that runs across the country, whether in twanging the elastic bow of Tenal, launching the dart, hurling the harpoon, paddling the canoe, or diving under water to scoop the blubber from the back of the expiring whale; and she universally allowed to excel all the nymphs of Greenland in beauty and rare qualifications, as much as the moon excels the aurora borealis in light and splendor. She was daughter and sole heiress of the †Angekuk Ajokarsorpok, one of the wealthiest of all the Greenland patriarchs. He possessed

* Torngarsuk is a mischievous deity worshipped by the Greenlanders.

† Angekuks are the heads of the clergy, the lawgivers, the nobles, and the prophets of Greenland.

two kone boats, five canoes, three huge piles of wood for rafts poles boards and fewel, seven chests of brass copper and tin utensils, purchased from the * Kublunæts, a spacious winter cabin, a magnificent summer tent, and a vast magazine well filled with blubber, whalebone, morse teeth, unicorns horns, the skins of fox, seal, and rein-deer.

His darling Igluka had been bred up in the utmost tenderness and elegance. Her shift appeared white and transparent, being formed of the maw of holibut: her waistcoat was of the softest faun-skin, trimmed with white by her own fair hands: the skin of the rein-deer supplied her with an upper garment and hood; and her breeches and boots were formed of a dressed seal-skin, soft smooth and pliant. This was her ordinary dress: but on festivals she wore a magnificent robe of bird's skin, adorned with variegated feathers, and bracelets set with pearls. Her locks, that emulated the raven's back, were nicely braided: her glossy neck was hung round with beads of glass and coral. Her eyes glanced like the three stars in the belt of Sicktut †. Her teeth, in whiteness, rivalled the snow that covers the moun-

* Kublunæts, the name given to the Danes by the Greenlanders.

† Sicktut is the appellation by which the Greenlanders distinguish the constellation Orion.

tains

tains of Nepſet; and ſhe ſmelled ſo ſweet of virgin water, that ſhe never went forth without receiving the ſalutation Niviarſiarſuanerks *. She repoſed upon beds of eider-down; and was every day carefully anointed with the fat of the whale's belly. She fed upon the eggs of ſea-fowl gathered among the cliffs, upon the rogn-fiſh; the tail of young whales delicately ſauced with train-oil; the fleſh of ſea-calves; the raſpings of ſeal-ſkin made into pancakes; the ingeſta and chawdron of the rein-deer; the entrails of the rype or partridge dreſſed with blubber; and, by way of deſſert, the ſea-weed and the root called tugloronet, ſliced and fried with train-oil.

A YOUNG lady of ſuch expectations, nurſed with indulgence, and trained up in the midſt of ſuch delicacies, could not but be inſpired with the moſt refined ſentiments, and ſo animated by the pride of birth, as well as by the conſciouſneſs of her own beauty and accompliſhments, as to look down with contempt upon the generality of thoſe youths who aſpired to her good graces. Indeed it was univerſally believed, that ſhe would chooſe to lead a life of celibacy rather than beſtow herſelf in marriage upon any indivi-

* Niviarſiarſuanerks ſignifies, "how ſhe ſmells like a virgin!" and is applied to thoſe who ſprinkle themſelves with their own water.

dual of Amaralek: but fate had otherwiſe ordained in favour of the gallant Sibberſik, who was not only rich in the goods of fortune, but alſo excelled all his cotemporaries in beauty, courage, and agility, as well as in the gifts of the underſtanding. He had ſlain a mighty bear in ſingle combat, and in winter wore the ſkin acroſs his ſhoulders, as a trophy of his victory. He had once ventured to aſſault the dreadful ſea monſter Hafgufa *, and was the firſt who had ever eſcaped with life from ſuch a rencounter. He had often dived beneath the ice, in purſuit of ſeals and morſes; and in the moſt dreadful tempeſts put to ſea in his ſlender canoe of bended ſticks covered with ſkins. His dart and harpoon flew unerring to the mark; and his arrows never miſſed the ſea-mew upon the cliff, or the rein-deer on the mountain. He never failed to win the prize at foot-ball, catch-ball, wreſtling and dancing; and far outſhone all his companions in the poetical conteſts of alternate ſatire, practiſed at public feſtivals among the ſwains of Greenland †.

THE fair Igluka could notbe inſenſible to all theſe perfections. She took pleaſure in ſeeing him

* Hafgufa is ſuppoſed to be a ſpirit that appears at ſea to the Greenlanders, in many different hideous forms.

† The youths of Greenland actually contend in this manner, like the ancient ſwains of Arcadia.

perform

perform all his feats of ſtrength and activity; and always rewarded him for the victory he had obtained, ſometimes with a ſmile and ſometimes with a preſent. After a ſevere trial of wreſtling, ſhe once refreſhed him with a draught of train-oil; at another time ſhe preſented him with a ſpring coat of ſeal-ſkin, cut and ſewed by her own delicate fingers; but the favour which of all others he moſt eſteemed, and which brought upon him the envy of all his companions, was an invitation ſhe gave him to ſup with her on the leg of a frozen ſeal, and the ſound of a hay-fiſh ſtewed in blubber: nay, to crown his good fortune, after this genial banquet, ſhe licked him * all over, that he might derive double vigour from this unction of maiden ſpittle; and inveſted him with a ſhift of ſeal guts, which for that purpoſe ſhe ſtripped from her own delicate body. In a word, Igluka and Sibberſik had by this time captivated the hearts of each other. The rocks reſounded with the ſongs which he compoſed in her praiſe. He formed garlands of ſea-weeds intermixed with ſhells and corals for her hair: he made her an offering of the firſt-fruits of all his labours; and ſeized all opportunities of whiſpering in her ears the moſt delicate and endearing expreſſions of love.

* This practice, which was probably learned from the bear's licking her cubs, is common in Greenland.

In the midſt of this tender communication, the good old Ajokarſorpok was gathered to his fathers, and the lovely Igluka remained ſole miſtreſs of his whole eſtate. Sibberſik continued to enjoy all the awful privileges of a favoured lover, and at length the day was fixed for uniting this accompliſhed pair in the ſilken bands of Hymen. Meanwhile they ſet out together on the ſummer's expedition of deer-hunting: they ate from the ſame platter, they ſlept in the ſame tent, and conſtantly accompanied each other in all the evolutions of the chace. Such an intimacy between the two ſexes is often productive of the moſt fatal conſequences, which even the pureſt ſentiments and the moſt determined virtue cannot always prevent. The moſt perfect nature and the moſt cautious honour have their unguarded moments; and in one of theſe the amiable, the elegant, the virtuous, the ſentimental Igluka was undone.

After the fatigue of the chace, Sibberſik ſpread his bear-ſkin for the repoſe of his beauteous miſtreſs under a projecting rock, whoſe foot was laſhed by the reſounding wave. The noiſe of the billows, and the clattering of the ice, ſoon lulled her into an agreeable ſlumber. The lover lay down by her ſide: he preſſed her to his boſom; waked her gently with the ſoft

ſoft murmurs of his paſſion; and made ſuch artful uſe of the opportunity, that in an evil hour ſhe ſurrendered up her virgin treaſure, while the ſea-mews and curlieus ſcreamed, the bears growled, and ſeals grunted in concert, as if to celebrate theſe portentous rites. In Sibberſik enjoyment was ſoon followed with ſatiety; his fondneſs viſibly abated; he relaxed in his attention and aſſiduity; he engaged in ſeparate parties from his charmer; he avoided her habitation and ſociety; and finally refuſed to perform the ſolemn vow by means of which he had triumphed over her virginity.

It may well be imagined what effect theſe inſtances of ſlight and perfidy in the man ſhe loved, had upon a young lady of ſuch rank and ſenſibility. She found herſelf deprived of her honour, and the ſymptoms of her diſgrace waxing ſo viſible, that it would not be in her power to conceal it much longer. Theſe conſiderations filled her breaſt with horrour, and thrice ſhe reſolved to bury herſelf and her misfortunes in a watery grave: but as often as ſhe attempted to execute this dire reſolve, ſhe heard, or ſeemed to hear, a voice that pronounced the following words, *Torngarſungnut makko ineille pegomnagit* *; which in the language of Greenland ſignifies, "Take heed leſt thou

* Vide Egede's Hiſtory of Greenland.

"go

"go to the devil." Thus deterred from laying violent hands on her own life, she began to pine away in solitude, indulging her grief, and giving up herself to the most bitter despair. The lustre vanished from her eyes, and the shining gloss forsook her countenance: her jetty locks hung dishevelled; and no more she bedewed herself with the odoriferous virgin-stream; for alas! this was no longer in her power. No more she indulged her appetite with the choicest cates; but sometimes, to support her drooping spirits, she comforted herself with a cup of oil, thick, yellow, and perfumed. In a word, while her middle increased in circumference, the rest of her body wasted apace; and her relations foresaw, that in a little time she would in all probability be conveyed to her grave, with her thimbles and needles, and wearing apparel.

SIBBERSIK was not ignorant of her condition, nor insensible of the injury he had done to this accomplished young lady: but possession had palled upon his sense, and his love was succeeded by a species of disgust, which neither his honour nor his reason could overcome. Nevertheless, they struggled so hard in behalf of the forsaken Igluka, as to banish all tranquillity from his bosom. The diversions he pursued, no longer yielded him the least enjoyment;

enjoyment; the occupations in which he engaged, were incapable of ſcreening him from the horrors of conſcience; and the converſation of his friends acted like poiſon to his thought. He, in his turn, neglected his food and apparel, became penſive and melancholy, and the only relief which he felt was in fixing himſelf in his canoe, and launching into the deep, that he might loſe the ſenſe of his own internal tempeſts, amidſt the loudeſt ſtorms that daſhed upon the rocks of Greenland. In theſe excurſions his imagination was often haunted by the ſea-ſpirit Ingnerſort *, which ſometimes roſe before him in the ſhape of a mermaid, and ſometimes made the caverns of the ſhore reſound with the moſt diſmal ſhrieking. He looked upon theſe viſitations as preſages of his death; and even ſeemed to welcome his approach towards the land of ſpirits. One day his frail canoe was bulged upon an iſland of ice; and with the utmoſt difficulty he, by ſwimming, gained the ſhore at the very place where he had deſlowered the unfortunate Igluka.

THE review of the fatal ſpot conjured up the idea of his guilt with all the circumſtances of aggravation. He ſmote his breaſt in deſpair; and

* The common ſea-ſprite of Greenland is known by this name.

that inſtant a huge ſeal, ſtarting from the interior part of the cave, paſſed him grunting, and plunged into the ſea. He never doubted but this was the ſpirit Torngarſuk, which pronounced the funereal word Picklerrukput*, as an omen of his fate. He endeavoured to ſlay this miſchievious fiend by an eruption of wind backwards, the only charm, which, according to the Greenland mythology, the devil cannot reſiſt †: but, notwithſtanding the prevalency of his fear, he found it impoſſible to try the experiment. His hair briſtled up, his knees knocked together, and he fell down in a trance upon the fated ſcene of his diſhonour.

HAVING lain for ſome time inſenſible, he recovered the uſe of his faculties, and found himſelf in the preſence of a famous Angekuk or prophet, who, being made acquainted with his caſe, admoniſhed him ſo effectually, that he renewed his addreſſes to the poor forlorn Igluka. Such an unexpected return of happineſs ſoon re-

* This phraſe, ſignifying "Here is no more to be got," the next of kin pronounces at the deceaſe of a Greenlander.

† Such is really the notion which the Greenlanders entertain of this deity.

ſtored

ſtored her to her former health and ſpirits: the two lovers were happily united by the prieſt: in two months after the wedding, which was celebrated with great magnificence, Igluka brought forth a pair of lovely boys, and ſhe and her huſband paſſed their lives in a continual round of conjugal felicity.

ESSAY IV.

ALCANOR was the ſon of a London merchant, bred up to the buſineſs of his father, to which he ſucceeded in his early youth; and in a little time diſtinguiſhed himſelf not only by his knowledge in trade, but alſo by his probity of heart and generoſity of ſentiment. Nor was he deficient in perſonal accompliſhments: his figure was remarkably agreeable; his addreſs was engaging; and no pains had been ſpared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education.

HE was in a fair way of acquiring a very large fortune, when he firſt beheld, at a public aſſembly, the elegant and amiable EUDOSIA, daughter of an eminent trader, to whom his circumſtances were well known. He was deeply ſtruck with her external appearance; and having found means to inſinuate himſelf into her acquaintance, diſcovered a thouſand charms in her underſtanding and diſpoſition, which at once completed the conqueſt of his heart. It was not long before he diſcloſed his

paſſion

passion to the dear object, and had the ravishing pleasure to find he had inspired her with very favourable sentiments of his character.

After some time spent in the endearing effusions of mutual love, he applied to the father, and made a formal demand of her in marriage. His proposal met with a very cordial reception; and Alcanor was admitted into the family on the footing of a future son-in-law. The day was already appointed for the marriage, after all the articles of interest had been settled to the satisfaction of both parties, when, by the sudden failure of foreign correspondents at the close of the last war, Alcanor was obliged to stop payment. He communicated his distress to Eudosia's father; and produced his books, by which it appeared that his effects were more than sufficient to discharge his debts; though they were so scattered, that he could not call them in time enough to support his credit. The merchant said he was sorry for his misfortune, but made no offer of assistance: on the contrary, he told him bluntly, that he could not expect he would bestow his daughter on a bankrupt, and forbade him the house. The reader may conceive what an effect this treatment had upon an ingenuous mind, endued with an extraordinary share of sensibility: he retired to his own house, his heart bursting with grief and indignation.

The

THE generous Eudosia, being apprised of what had passed between her father and her lover, seized the first opportunity of writing a letter to Alcanor, lamenting his misfortune in the most pathetic terms; assuring him of her inviolable attachment, and offering to give a convincing proof of her love by a clandestine marriage. He made due acknowledgements to his amiable mistress for this mark of her disinterested affection; but absolutely refused to comply with a proposal which might ruin her fortune, endanger her happiness, and subject him to the imputation of being sordid and selfish. He made haste to settle his accounts, and satisfy his creditors. Then he wrote a letter to Eudosia, releasing her from all engagements in his favour, and exhorting her to forget that ever any such person existed. Immediately after this address, he disappeared, and no person could tell in what manner: people, in general, supposed he had made away with himself in despair.

EUDOSIA was overwhelmed with the most poignant sorrow, which intailed upon her a lingering distemper, that brought her to the brink of the grave. Though nature triumphed over the disease, it was not in the power of time to remove her grief, which settled into a fixed melancholy that clouded all her charms, and made a deep impression on her father's heart.

heart. Her only brother dying of a consumption, she became the sole heiress of a considerable fortune; and many advantageous matches were proposed without effect. At length, she plainly told her father, that he had once made her miserable, and it was not now in his power to make her happy; for she had made a solemn vow to heaven, that she would never join her fate to any other man but him on whom he had allowed her to bestow her affection. The merchant was thunderstruck at this declaration; he saw himself deprived, by his own cruel avarice, of that happiness, which he had flattered himself with the hope of enjoying in a rising generation of his own posterity: he became pensive and sullen; lost his senses; and in a few months expired.

Eudosia purchased a retired house in the country, where she gave a full scope to her sorrow, while she lived the life of a saint, and spent the best part of her time, as well as fortune, in the exercise of charity and benevolence: witness the sighs that are still uttered by all that knew her, when her name is pronounced: witness the tears of the widow and the fatherless, that are daily shed upon her tomb.

Alcanor, desperate in his fortune and his love, took a passage in a Spanish ship for Cadiz,

under

under the name of Benſon; and as he underſtood the languages, as well as the management of accompts, he was admitted, as an inferior factor, on board of the Flota bound for South America.

He ſettled at La Vera Cruz; and fortune ſo proſpered his endeavours, that, in a few years, he was maſter of forty thouſand piſtoles. But neither proſperity, nor the univerſal eſteem he had acquired among the Spaniards for his worth and integrity, could ſooth the anguiſh of his heart, or efface the remembrance of Eudoſia, whoſe charms ſtill dwelt upon his imagination. At length, impatient of living ſo long in ignorance of her ſituation, he remitted his effects to Europe, returned to Cadiz, and there in a Britiſh bottom took ſhipping for England. At the Race of Portland, the ſhip was attacked by a paltry French privateer, and Alcanor had the misfortune to receive a ſhot in his neck, which appeared very dangerous. After the privateer had ſheered off, he deſired that he might be put aſhore at the neareſt land, as there was no ſurgeon on board; and the boat immediately conveyed him and part of his baggage into a creek, within half a mile of Eudoſia's dwelling. He was obliged to take up his lodging at a wretched public-houſe, and diſpatched an expreſs to the next town for a ſurgeon; but before he arrived, the unfortunate Alcanor had loſt his eye-

ſight,

fight, in consequence of his wound, and his fever was considerably increased.

The humane Eudosia, being made acquainted with the circumstances of his distress, without dreaming that it was her beloved Alcanor, desired a worthy old clergyman, who was rector of the parish, to take her chariot, and bring the wounded gentleman to her house, where he might be properly attended and accommodated. Thither he was carried accordingly, and there first visited by the surgeon, who, after having dressed the wound, declared he had no hopes of his recovery. He heard this sentence without emotion; and desired he might have an opportunity to thank the lady of the house for the charitable compassion she had manifested towards a stranger in distress.

The tender-hearted Eudosia, being informed of his request, immediately visited him in his apartment, accompanied by the clergyman, and a female relation who lived with her as her companion. Approaching his bedside, she condoled with him on his misfortune, begged he would think himself at home, and command every thing in her house as freely as if it were his own. He no sooner heard her voice than he started; and raising himself in his bed, rolled his eyes around as if in quest of some favourite object. His ear was

more

more faithful than his memory: he remembered and was affected by the ſtrain, though he could not recollect the ideas to which it had been annexed: after ſome pauſe he exclaimed, "Excellent lady! I could wiſh to live, in order to expreſs my gratitude: but it will not be.—You have given ſhelter to a poor wearied pilgrim; and your charity muſt be ſtill farther extended in ſeeing his body committed to the duſt. I have, moreover, another favour to aſk, namely, that you and this good clergyman will atteſt my laſt will, which is locked in a paper-caſe depoſited in my portmanteau." So ſaying, he delivered the key to the doctor, who opened the trunk, found the paper, and was deſired to recite it aloud in the hearing of all preſent.

THE will was written by the hand of Alcanor himſelf, who, in conſideration of his tender affection for the incomparable Eudoſia, which nothing but death ſhould eraze from his heart, had bequeathed to her all his worldly ſubſtance, excluſive of ſome charitable legacies. When the name of Alcanor was pronounced, Eudoſia ſtarted, grew pale, and trembled with ſtrong emotion: yet ſhe conſidered his ſituation, and reſtrained her tranſports, while her eyes poured forth a torrent of tears, and the chair ſhook under her with the violence of her agony. The humane clergyman was not unmoved at this ſcene. He had often heard

heard the ſtory of her unfortunate love, and by his ſenſible conſolations enabled her to bear her affliction with temper and reſignation. He no ſooner perceived the names of Alcanor and Eudoſia in the will, than he was ſeized with extreme wonder, and ſympathizing ſorrow. His voice faltered, the tears ran down his cheeks, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty that he read the paper to an end. Then obſerving the agitation of Eudoſia, he conducted her into another room, where, her grief and ſurprize becoming too ſtrong for her conſtitution, ſhe fainted away in the arms of her companion. When ſhe recovered from this ſwoon, ſhe gave vent to her ſorrow in a loud paſſion of tears and exclamation; after which ſhe became more calm; and begged the doctor would endeavour to prepare Alcanor for an interview with his long-loſt Eudoſia. He forthwith returned to the merchant; but was in too much confuſion to communicate the diſcovery with diſcretion and compoſure.

ALCANOR, though blind, had perceived the lady's agitation, as well as the clergyman's diſorder, and was not a little ſurpriſed at their abrupt departure. His mind had already formed an aſſemblage of the moſt intereſting ideas before the doctor returned; and when he began to expatiate on the myſterious

myſterious ways of Providence, he was interrupted by the ſtranger, who, raiſing his head, and claſping his hands, exclaimed aloud, "O bountiful Heaven! it muſt—it muſt be the incomparable Eudoſia!" At that inſtant ſhe entered the apartment, kneeled by the bed-ſide, and taking him by the hand, "It is (cried ſhe) the unfortunate Eudoſia—O my Alcanor! Is it thus we meet?" A long ſilence enſued, during which he bathed her hand with his tears. At length he ſpoke to this effect: "Theſe are not the tears of ſorrow, but of joy.—Eudoſia then lives! She remembers—ſhe retains her regard for the hapleſs Alcanor!—It was indeed the kind hand of Providence that threw me on this hoſpitable ſhore.—Could I once more behold thoſe dear features which I have ſo often contemplated with admiration and delight—but, I am ſatisfied."——

THE ſequel of this affecting ſcene I cannot pretend to deſcribe.——Alcanor's wound at the next dreſſing had the appearance of a beginning gangrene: nevertheleſs, the ball, which had been lodged among the nerves and ſinews of the neck, was now with eaſe extracted, and his eye-ſight was immediately reſtored. Having ſettled his temporal affairs, and made his peace with heaven, he on the fourth day expired in the arms

of

of Eudoſia, who was the ſole and laſt object on which his eyes were ſtrained.

SHE did not long ſurvive her unfortunate lover. Her grief at length exhauſted her conſtitution, and brought her to the grave, after ſhe had endowed alms-houſes for the maintenance of twenty poor cripples, bequeathed a handſome fortune to her kinſwoman, a conſiderable preſent to the clergyman, and a large ſum to the poor of the pariſh. At her own deſire ſhe was buried in the ſame grave with her lover, and over them is raiſed a plain unembelliſhed tomb of black marble, with this modeſt inſcription: "Dedicated to the memory of ALCANOR and "EUDOSIA."

ESSAY V.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS much affected with the philoſophical reſignation of the honeſt SOLDIER * who made his appearance in your MAGAZINE for JUNE (1760) and his ſtory made the deeper impreſſion upon my mind, as his diſpoſition forms a ſtriking contraſt with my own.

I WAS the ſecond ſon of a wealthy gentleman, who reſerved the bulk of his fortune for my elder brother; ſo that the only proviſion I enjoyed, was, a tolerable education and a lieutenant's commiſſion in the army. During the late war I obtained a company by dint of ſervice, and at the peace was reduced upon half-pay. But this reduction was no great misfortune to me, who had learned to practiſe œconomy in an inferior ſtation, and was ſo much maſter of my accounts, that I

* See GOLDSMITH's ESSAYS, Vol. I. Eſſay xxiv. p. 203

could

could live independent even to my wish, and could save something out of the appointments of a reformed captain.

My father having by this time resigned his breath, I had no parental home to which I could retire; therefore I set up my rest in a country town, where I had been formerly quartered with the regiment, and made some agreeable acquaintances. There I passed my time according to my heart's desire. I fished, fowled, and hunted with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who entertained me in their houses with the most cordial hospitality. I walked, I chatted, I danced and played at cards with their wives and daughters. Delightful excursions, and amusing parties of pleasure, were planned and executed every day. The time stole away insensibly: I knew no care: I felt no disorder. I inherited from nature a vigorous constitution, a happy serenity of temper, and was distinguished among my friends as the best-humoured fellow in the world.

In the midst of these enjoyments my heart was touched by the amiable qualities of a young lady, who was content to unite her fate with mine, contrary to the inclination, and without the consent of

of her father, who poſſeſſed a very large fortune, and reſented her marriage with ſuch perſeverance of indignation, that he never would admit her into his preſence, nor even, at his death, forgive her for the ſtep ſhe had taken. His diſpleaſure, however, affected us the leſs, as we found happineſs in our mutual paſſion, and knew no wants; for my wife inherited from an aunt a legacy of eighteen hundred pounds, the intereſt of which, together with my half-pay, was ſufficient to anſwer all our occaſions.

We found great ſatisfaction in contriving plans for living ſnug upon our income, and enjoyed unſpeakable pleaſure in executing the ſcheme to which we had given the preference. Chance preſented us with an opportunity to purchaſe a ſmall, though neat and convenient houſe, with about twenty acres of land, in an agreeable rural ſituation; and there our time was parcelled out in a ſucceſſion of taſks, for improving a large farm that we rented, and cultivating a ſweet little garden laid out on a gentle ſlope, the foot of which was watered by a brawling rivulet of pure tranſparent water. Although Heaven had not thought proper to indulge us with children, we were favoured with every other ſubſtantial bleſſing; and every circumſtance of rural œconomy proved a ſource of health and ſatisfaction. The labours

of

of the field, the little domeſtick cares of the barn-yard, the poultry-yard, and the dairy, were productive of ſuch delights as none of your readers will conceive, except thoſe who are enamoured of a country-life. I cannot remember thoſe peaceful ſcenes of innocence and tranquillity without regret; they often haunt my imagination, like the ghoſts of departed happineſs. Within the boſom of this charming retreat we lived, in a ſtate of uninterrupted enjoyment, until our felicity was invaded by two unexpected events, at which, I am afraid, we ſhall always have cauſe to repine: my nephew, who had ſucceeded to my father's eſtate, died of the ſmall-pox, and, a few weeks after this incident, my wife's only brother broke his neck in leaping a five-barred gate: ſo that we found ourſelves, all at once, in poſſeſſion of a very opulent fortune, and violently tranſported from that element for which our tempers had been ſo well adapted.

In the firſt flutter and agitation of mind occaſioned by this unhoped-for acceſſion, we quitted our romantic ſolitude, and ruſhed into all the pageantry of high-life. Thus irreſiſtibly ſucked within the vortex of Diſſipation, we grew giddy in a rapid whirl of unnatural diverſion: we became enamoured of tinſel liveries, equipage, and all the

frippery of fashion. Instead of tranquillity, health, a continual flow of satisfaction, and a succession of rational delights, which we formerly derived from temperance, exercise, the study of nature, and the practice of benevolence, we now tasted no pleasure but what consists in the gratification of idle vanity, tossed for ever on a sea of absurd amusements by such loud storms of riot and tumult, as drowned the voice of reason and reflection, and overwhelmed all the best faculties of the soul. We deserted nature, sentiment, and true taste, to lead a weary life of affectation, folly, and intemperance; our senses became so depraved, that our eyes were captivated with glare and glitter, and our ears with noise and clamour; while our fancy dwelt with pleasure on every gewgaw of Gothic extravagance. We entertained guests whom we despised, we visited friends whom we did not love, and invited company whom we could not esteem. We drank wines that we could not relish, and ate victuals which we could not digest. We frequented concerts which we did not understand, plays that we did not like, and public diversions which we could not enjoy. Our house might have been termed the Temple of Uproar: card-tables were the shrines, and the votaries seemed agitated by the dæmons of envy, spite, rage, vexation and despair. In a word, all was farce and form,—all was a phantasma,

phantaſma, and a hideous dream of incoherent abſurdities.

THESE pleaſures, like brandy to a dram-drinker, have loſt their effect; we have waked from the intoxication to a due ſenſe of our miſerable condition; for the vigour both of mind and body is quite impaired. With reſpect to each other, we find ourſelves in a ſtate of mutual diſguſt; and all the enjoyments of life we either taſte with indifference, or reject with loathing. For my own part, I am overwhelmed with what the French call *l'ennui*, a diſtemper for which there is no name in the Engliſh language; a diſtemper which may be underſtood from the following lines of the poet:

> Thee too, my Paridel, ſhe ſaw thee there,
> Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair;
> And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
> The pains and penalties of idleneſs.

IT is not a common vacancy of thought, or an ordinary languor of the nerves that I labour under, but a confirmed imbecility of mind, and a want of reliſh, attended with a thouſand uneaſineſſes which render life almoſt inſupportable. I ſleep without refreſhment; I am fatigued without labour. I am ſcarce riſen when I wiſh the day

was done, and when night comes I long for morning. I eat without appetite, drink without exhilaration; exercise affords no spirits, conversation no amusement, reading no entertainment, and diversion no pleasure. It is not from affectation, but an acquired insensibility, that I see Falstaff without a smile, and The Orphan without emotion. I endeavour to kill the time by shifting continually the scene of dissipation; but I am close pursued by disgust: all is disappointment, insipid, nauseous, or shocking. My temper is grown so fretful and peevish, that I quarrel by turns with my servants and myself; even she that was once the delight of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, is now become the subject of perpetual disquiet. I harbour wishes which I dare not approve; my heart palpitates with passions which I am ashamed to avow. I am tormented by a thousand petty grievances, which rise like angry pimples from the ebullitions of a soured disposition; and incidents that would move the mirth of other men, are to me productive of choler and anxiety. Two days ago I ordered my servants to horse-whip a cobler, who refused to leave off whistling in his stall as he sat at work opposite to my chamber-window; and if I had then met with your maimed Soldier, in all probability I should have chastised him for presuming to be more happy than his betters.

SIR,

SIR, if you have any recipe for the cure of my diſorder, it will be charity to publiſh it for the benefit of many thouſands that labour under the ſame malady which now afflicts your humble ſervant,

PICROMACHUS.

THE diſtemper of our correſpondent is endemial among the Great, and may be termed a ſcurvy of the ſpirits. Exerciſe is as neceſſary to the mind as to the body, and mental exerciſe conſiſts in ſtudy and reflection: this being long diſuſed, the powers of reaſon loſe their tone; and a relaxation of the nerves from idleneſs and ſurfeit, co-operating with this languor, the whole machine is, as it were, unſtrung; all the faculties being thus untwiſted and out of tune, the mind jars on every ſtring, and nothing can be produced but diſcord and diſquiet. If PICROMACHUS and his Lady are really determined, if poſſible, to obtain a radical cure, and retrieve their good-humour, let them make over to the next heirs the great eſtates which devolved to them ſo unexpectedly, and return to the farm with the ſame neceſſities which their own induſtry had before ſo happily ſupplied. Should this be an effort of ſelf-denial beyond the pitch of their reſolution, we would adviſe them to renounce their faſhionable connections, and endea-

vour to contract friendſhips with a few rational creatures; to diſmiſs their ſuperfluous ſervants, including the French cook, and every gaudy appurtenance of oſtentation; to retire from London, and engage in the avocations of huſbandry; to uſe the cold bath every morning, ride twenty miles every day before dinner, eat moderately of plain Engliſh food, go to bed by eleven, riſe before eight, and faſt one day in the week, until their appetites are perfectly reſtored.

ESSAY

ESSAY VI.

HOWSOEVER we may pride ourſelves on the refinements of the preſent age, we are not ſo far removed from barbariſm as people in general imagine. It would be eaſy to demonſtrate, that every circumſtance of the preſent faſhion is a ſhocking outrage againſt common ſenſe, which is founded upon eternal truth, the baſis of all taſte and beauty; and it would be no difficult taſk to prove, that we are as Gothic in thoſe ſentiments of the heart which influence our conduct, as in the ſuggeſtions of the fancy that regulate the mode of our external appearance. Notwithſtanding the pride and ſelf-complacency of thoſe fluttering animals who call themſelves Perſons of Diſtinction, roll in their triumphal chariots, and look down with diſdain on their fellow-citizens as the dregs of the creation, they are no other than mere ruſtics in point of true taſte and genuine politeneſs, which are the natural effects of ſenſibility and humanity, improved by knowlege; whereas the preſent mode is an un-

natural monſter, begot upon the hag Ignorance by her own ſon the ideot Caprice; and what we falſely term Good-breeding, is no other than the ſpurious brood of unfeeling Inſolence and awkward Grimace. Theſe ridiculous perverſions derive their firſt origin from error, and will never be rectified, until the world ſhall adopt a ſyſtem of education quite different from that which at preſent prevails. Very few pretend to think for themſelves, but, in matters of taſte, implicitly follow, like ſimple ſheep, certain Bell-weathers of the faſhion, who are inſtigated by the dæmons of Arrogance and Folly. In order to effect a reformation, it will be neceſſary, that individuals ſhall exert their own faculties of reaſon, and renounce thoſe diſtracted guides, whenever they perceive them deviate from the road of nature and of truth: but the faculty of judging cannot be properly exerted, until it has been duly exerciſed; and, for this purpoſe, we ought to contrive proper objects of argument and reflection. For my own part, as the buſineſs is to inveſtigate truth, I would propoſe the ſtudy of geometry to the youth of both ſexes. After miſs hath finiſhed the letters of the A B C, let her begin a new ſampler for the Propoſitions of Euclid. No young lady ſhould be admitted to a card-table, except by croſſing the **Pons Aſinorum*; nor preſide at an

* A Propoſition ſo called.

aſſembly,

assembly, until she could demonstrate the famous Pythagorean discovery, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the two other sides in a right-angled triangle. Every body knows with what success mathematical reasoning has been introduced into medicine: an ingenious philosopher of our own day hath used the same science in determining the momenta with which the passions act upon the human mind: the Line of Beauty discovered by the celebrated Hogarth, what is it but a mathematical curve? the charms of painting, sculpture, and architecture, that strike the spectator's eye with irresistible energy, are no other than a happy symmetry of parts, that may be resolved into mathematical relations: even music itself is founded on mathematical proportion, and doubtless the same rules of analytical investigation may be applied in discovering and ascertaining the characters of mankind; at least, the study of geometry will fix the attention of the most volatile female, teach her to think with propriety, compare with caution, and judge with precision.

I was led into this train of thought by an incident which lately fell under my observation, at one of those Medicinal Wells which, every summer, attract a concourse of what is called fashion-

able people. A certain lady of quality, as remarkable for her good-ſenſe as for her generoſity of temper, coming one day into the public room, invited all the company then preſent to a ball at her own houſe, intended for the next evening. The gueſts aſſembled accordingly; and, that no diſputes might ariſe, the diſtribution of partners was left to the determination of chance: the gentlemen drew numbers out of one hat, the ladies from another, and the two that correſponded were coupled for the evening. The number 10 fell to the ſhare of a lady, who, underſtanding that ſhe had drawn for her partner a young phyſician, made no ſecret of expreſſing her diſſatisfaction, and even declared that ſhe would not dance: the poor doctor, ignorant of her chagrin, and as yet a ſtranger to his fate, went round the room, enquiring which of the ladies had drawn the number 10, and began to be much mortified at finding himſelf un-owned. The lady of the ball, perceiving his ſituation, acted with a delicacy peculiar to herſelf: ſhe communicated her inſtructions to her own daughter (whom we ſhall call CLARINDA), an amiable young lady and a reigning toaſt, who had drawn the ſame number with a gaudy officer that flaunted about the room in ſcarlet and embroidery. Clarinda, addreſſing herſelf to the diſcontented nymph, begged as a favour that they

they might exchange numbers, and her propoſal was greedily embraced: then this lovely creature, blooming with all the graces of youth, beauty, and good-nature, went up to the phyſician, and, ſmiling ineffably ſweet, told him ſhe had the pleaſure to be his partner for the evening. The doctor's eyes ſparkled at her approach: his good fortune was envied by all the gentlemen; her conduct was applauded by the majority of the ladies; and before the ball ended, the perſon by whom he had been rejected was heartily aſhamed of her ſilly pride.

THAT the reader may be the better judge of her choice, I ſhall analyſe the two individuals who ſtood ſo differently in her eſtimation. The phyſician was in his perſon tall, and elegantly formed, with an open prepoſſeſſing countenance, a modeſt deportment, and engaging addreſs: the officer was ſhort, ſquat, hard-favoured, clumſy, impudent, and booriſh. The doctor deſcended from an honourable family; his rival was the ſon of an exciſeman: the firſt had expended a large ſum on his education, travelled for improvement, and laid up an uncommon ſtock of erudition; the other wrote a good hand, underſtood a little of the principles of gauging, but, in other reſpects, was altogether untinctured with human learning, and

but lately introduced to any ſort of decent commerce. The doctor enjoyed a reputable profeſſion, a patrimony of five thouſand pounds, and an extenſive family-intereſt; the officer had ten pounds in his pocket, was one hundred and fifty in debt to his taylor, and enjoyed a lieutenant's commiſſion; which, by the bye, he owed to the intereſt of the phyſician's father. The doctor wore a fair perriwig, and a plain ſuit of clothes; the officer his own hair in a bag, an embroidered coat, a cockade in his hat, and ſtone-buckles in his ſhoes; and theſe were the particulars that, in the lady's opinion, eclipſed all the qualities of the phyſician. I ſhall conclude this compariſon with obſerving, that the doctor, had he been ſo minded, could at any time have rivalled the officer, both in his finery and rank in the ſervice; but it was by no means in the lieutenant's power to attain the merit and real importance of the phyſician.

ESSAY VII.

WHETHER the inſtinct of brutes be a ſubordinate ſpecies of reaſon, or an innate faculty impreſſed by nature for the preſervation of the individual, is a queſtion which has been long conteſted among philoſophers. That reaſon and inſtinct are eſſentially different, appears from the following conſiderations: reaſon is the reſult of ideas acquired, and muſt be improved by exerciſe and cultivation. The inſtinct of brutes ſeems perfect as ſoon as the animal is produced; the chick, by a ſurpriſing inſtinct, picks a way for itſelf through the ſhell into the world, and begins to feed immediately, before it can poſſibly have received any ideas from obſervation. The ſame faculty is obſervable in blind puppies, and all quadrupeds, which curiouſly ſearch for the dug in order to ſuck the mother. Throw one of theſe blind puppies into a pond of water, and it will ſwim with amazing dexterity. This is likewiſe the caſe with all aquatic fowls, from the moment they

they are hatched; and all the birds of the air naturally fly without being inſtructed. All animals, without preſcription, chooſe that kind of food which nature has allotted them, and, in the exerciſe of this choice, carefully avoid thoſe things which would prejudice their health, even when they ſeem to be ſolicited by their ſenſes: for example, a hog will greedily devour an apple; but by no means will touch the fruit of the manzanillo tree, which is poiſonous, although it reſembles an apple in colour, ſhape, and odour. One beaſt, as if it knew by intuition the ſtrength of its own organs, or the peculiarity of their conſtruction, ſhall eat and digeſt thoſe herbs which would prove fatal to the other animals that graze upon the ſame common. Nay, if we may believe the hiſtory of medicine, the virtues of many ſimples have been diſcovered to mankind by the beaſts of the field, which, from the ſame principle, had recourſe to their efficacy, when diſordered by accident or diſtemper. Among other inſtances of inſtinct we ought alſo to mention the Στοργὴ, or natural affection, though it is common to the human ſpecies as well as to brutes. That this is inſtinct, totally different from reaſon, we may conclude from the different effects it produces in human creatures, and among the brute creation. The Στοργὴ of a beaſt ceaſes from the very inſtant that

that it becomes unneceſſary to the preſervation of the young offſpring; and among birds is ſucceeded by ſuch averſion and animoſity in the breaſt of the mother, that ſhe commonly drives her progeny into immediate exile: this ſeems to be the admirable diſpoſition of Providence, that one particular place may not be overſtocked, and animals of the ſame ſpecies diſtreſs one another by creating a ſcarcity.

In the human ſpecies the Στοργὴ is protracted and improved into the charities, by intercourſe and continuation of good offices, and the exerciſe of reaſon; and this in proportion to the ſtrength of reflection and the delicacy of ſentiment. The leſs enlightened the mother happens to be by human underſtanding, the more ſhe conforms to this blind inſtinct: an ideot fondled her own child with all the care, tenderneſs, and ſkill, which the Στοργὴ ſeems to inſpire in the brute animal, till it could ſubſiſt without the mother's milk, then reſigned all affection and attention to it, and no longer diſtinguiſhed it as her own offspring. Obſerve the lower claſs among the vulgar, who, in point of ſentiment, are but one degree raiſed above the level of the beaſts, with what eagerneſs, and even rapture of affection, a mother will careſs her bantling: behold the ſame mother and the ſame child two

or

or three years after, the Στοργὴ is entirely vaniſhed; ſhe looks upon the child as a troubleſome incumbrance laid upon her by the law: ſhe fairly wiſhes it at the devil, beats it with the utmoſt barbarity, and, inſtead of being the pledge of her love, it becomes the object of her execration. The caſe is no more than this: natural inſtinct vaniſhed at its uſual period, and there was no ſentiment to take its place.

But in nothing does inſtinct appear more amazing, than in thoſe curious neſts ſo judiciouſly contrived, and ſo wonderfully executed by the birds, as receptacles for their young. It has been often obſerved, that in this reſpect they not only ſurpaſs all human art, but defy all imitation. It may alſo be remarked, that the neſt conſtructed by any bird in the firſt year of its exiſtence, is as uniform and perfect as thoſe which are built after many years experience. This is another ſtrong reaſon for ſuppoſing that inſtinct neither depends upon ideas acquired, nor improves by exerciſe and obſervation; conſequently, is a power or faculty altogether diſtinct from reaſon, which is undoubtedly acquired from obſervation and extended by practice. It may be aſked then, If the inſtinct of brutes is produced with the animal in full perfection, how come they to exhibit ſuch evident marks of docility? Many animals have

have given proofs of uncommon ſagacity, and may be taught a thouſand things that denote a conſiderable ſhare of reaſon. Without all doubt, as the human ſpecies have ſome kinds of inſtinct in common with brutes, ſo the brute creation ſhare with man a weaker faculty of reaſon; but this we conceive to be altogether different from inſtinct. Reaſon is the power of arranging, comparing, and judging from ideas received; inſtinct ſeems to be a principle previous to all ideas, and independent of them, implanted among the firſt ſtamina of life. Reaſon does not appear till a conſiderable time after the animal is born, then ſhoots forth like a tender plant, continues to grow, and as it grows acquires freſh vigour from proper cultivation; on the contrary, inſtinct appears at once in full maturity. The range of reaſon is unbounded, comprehending all arts and all arguments; inſtinct is confined to a few articles relating to the preſervation and propagation of the individual. Reaſon is ſubject to miſtake and deception; inſtinct is ſure and infallible. Man is in ſome caſes guided by inſtinct, and brutes are ſometimes conducted by the faint glimmerings of reaſon. A thouſand wonderful inſtances are recorded of the ſagacity of the elephant, the ingenuity of the ape, the cunning of the fox, and the docility of the dog. We ourſelves could produce

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ſome ſurpriſing evidence in favour of the aſs, which lies (in our opinion unjuſtly) under the general reproach of ſtupidity; but as we have not room to inſert a number of particulars relating to this ſubject, we ſhall content ourſelves, and we hope our readers, with one ſurprizing inſtance of reſentment and reflection in a ſtork, extracted from the Travels of Keyſler.

"How far a rational principle, mutual affection, and compariſon of ideas, may be aſcribed to animals, I will not at preſent determine; but aſſure you, that the following adventure of a tame ſtork, ſome years ago in the Univerſity of Tubingen, is literally true: This bird lived quietly in the court-yard, till Count Victor Gravenitz, then a ſtudent there, ſhot with ball at a ſtork's neſt adjacent to the college, and probably wounded the ſtork then in it, as he was obſerved for ſome weeks not to ſtir out of the neſt. This happened in autumn, when foreign ſtorks begin their periodical emigrations. In the enſuing ſpring, a ſtork was obſerved on the roof of the college, and by its inceſſant chattering gave the tame ſtork, walking below in the area, to underſtand, that it would be glad of its company. But this was a thing impracticable, on account of its wings being clipt; which induced the ſtranger with the

the utmoſt precaution firſt to come down to the upper gallery, the next day ſomething lower, and at laſt, after a great deal of ceremony, quite into the court. The tame ſtork, which was conſcious of no harm, went to meet him with a ſoft cheerful note, and a ſincere intention of giving him a friendly reception, when, to his great ſurprize, the other fell upon him with the utmoſt fury. The ſpectators preſent, indeed, for that time, drove away the foreign ſtork; but this was ſo far from intimidating him, that he came again the next day to the charge, and during the whole ſummer, continual ſkirmiſhes were interchanged between them. Mr. G. R. v. F. had given orders that the tame ſtork ſhould not be aſſiſted, as having only a ſingle antagoniſt to encounter: and by being thus obliged to ſhift for himſelf, he came to ſtand better on his guard, and make ſuch a gallant defence, that at the end of the campaign the ſtranger had no great advantage to boaſt of. But next ſpring, inſtead of a ſingle ſtork came four, which, without any of the foregoing ceremonies, alighted at once in the college area, and directly attacked the tame ſtork, who, indeed, in the view of ſeveral ſpectators ſtanding in the galleries, performed feats even above human valour, if I may uſe that expreſſion, defending himſelf by the arms Nature had given him, with the utmoſt bravery,

bravery, till at length, being overpowered by superior numbers, his strength and courage began to fail, when very unexpected auxiliaries came in to his assistance; all the turkies, ducks, geese, and the rest of the fowls that were brought up in the court, to whom, undoubtedly, this gentle stork's mild and friendly behaviour had endeared him, without the least dread of the danger, formed a kind of rampart round him, under the shelter of which he might make an honourable retreat from so unequal an encounter: and even a peacock, which before never could live in friendship with him, on this emergency took the part of oppressed innocence, and was, if not a true-bottomed friend, at least a favourable judge on the stork's side.

"Upon this, a stricter watch was kept against such traitorous incursions of the enemy, and a stop put to more bloodshed; till at last, about the beginning of the third spring, above twenty storks alighted in the court with the greatest fury; and before the poor stork's faithful life-guards could form themselves, or any of the people come in to his assistance, they deprived him of life, though, by exerting his usual gallantry, they paid dear for the purchase.

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"THE malevolence of these strangers against this innecent creature could proceed from no other motive than the shot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which they doubtless suspected was done by the instigation of the tame stork."

ESSAY

ESSAY VIII.

INQUIRING with myſelf wherein true beauty conſiſts, and how it may be attained, the beſt account I could find for it was true virtue. I know this will appear ſtrange to ſome, but I am not here to enter into metaphyſical diſputes or criticiſms on other people; I appeal to nature, and ſhall proceed to deliver my opinion.

WHEN all the faculties of the ſoul harmoniouſly conſpire in their ſeveral operations in due proportion to their nature, without jarring and interrupting one another, then the mind is ſerene, and the perſon is virtuous and happy. The outward form, like an inſtrument tuned in concord, preſents to the eye an image of this internal harmony. The face never is a falſe glaſs, but through artifice and bad habits.

WHAT is it in external forms that excites in us the idea of beauty, but the harmony and delicate proportions obſerved in the arrangement of certain

tain particles of matter? But as the ſoul arranges and moves all matter, thoſe harmonies and delicacies of proportion never could take place under the influence of an unharmonious mind.

How amiable are the characters of children? and there are few of them come ſo far of age, as to have their features diſtinctly marked, but who appear pretty; and yet, gradually as they grow up, we often ſee their muſcles convulſed by paſſions, their features turn coarſer and ſtronger, and then their beauty flies.

THERE is a great deal of beauty owing to the happineſs of birth: as for example, where the father and mother have been well aſſorted, and lived a temperate life in peace and mutual love; in ſuch a caſe, the children are freſh and vigorous, yet the flow of their blood and animal ſpirits is not irregular; they naturally are more diſpoſed to a life of tranquillity and virtue, which as it does not ruffle the mind, the face, its image, is more ſerene.

I WOULD make allowances for the ſmall-pox and other accidents of ſickneſs, or the cares and diſtreſſes of life that imprint themſelves upon the face. Some of theſe rather confirm than contradict our theory; and at any rate they are like whirlwinds,

whirlwinds, inundations, earthquakes, and other extraordinary calamities, againſt which no proviſion can be made in the ordinary courſe of human affairs. There are, however, many diſtreſſes which impair beauty, for which people have themſelves to blame, ſuch as the hyſteric diſeaſe. This indeed chiefly ariſes from ſome unfortunate accident or ſhock to the tender female conſtitution; but frequently alſo from ſloth and idleneſs, and a romantic imagination, where there has been no uſeful buſineſs to keep the mind employed, and proper exerciſe for the health of the body. The laws of nature are inflexible, the tranſgreſſion of them always proves its own puniſhment.

READING books of extravagant poetry raiſes correſponding tumults in the mind, as they paint all the paſſions immoderate. Tragedies ſuch as they frequently are, books of romantic love, and, which is fifty times worſe, books of romantic intrigues, all tend to diſturb the breaſt of the tender fair-one. As their imaginations are more lively than ours, they are more apt to receive wrong impreſſions, and have their taſte corrupted. Thus the unfortunate maid pines inwardly from a wounded imagination, and her corroded beauty falls a victim to her folly.

"THE malevolence of theſe ſtrangers againſt this innocent creature could proceed from no other motive that the ſhot fired by Count Victor from the college, and which they doubtleſs ſuſpected was done by the inſtigation of the tame ſtork."

ESSAY VIII.

HOWEVER vain and ridiculous the presumption of those people may appear, who pretend to tell fortunes, and prognosticate future events, from the arrangement of cards, and the appearance of coffee-grounds as they are whirled around and settled on the sides of the cup; we will not scruple to affirm, that the genuine art of Phisiognomy, or Metoposcopy, is not beneath the consideration and even the study of a philosopher: for though it will not teach us to prognosticate particular events, it must be of considerable service in helping us to discern the predominant passions, the vices, the views, and, in a word, the natural disposition of those with whom we may have connexions and concerns. This inference we draw from a thorough conviction, that the looks of men in general are strongly affected, and even modelled, by particular habits of thinking; and that different characters of the mind are usually distinguished by peculiar conformations

formations and complexions of the body. A ſubtle Italian politician, famous for diſcovering the hidden ſentiments of the heart, even when wrapped in the thickeſt cloak of diſſimulation, uſed carefully to ſurvey the features of the perſon whoſe thoughts he wanted to develope, and mimic their diſpoſition in his own face; an expedient that never failed to ſuggeſt the ideas which correſponded with that caſt of countenance. Everybody has heard the inſtance of the phiſiognomiſt Zopyrus, who having examined the face of Socrates, pronounced him a dunce and a libertine. This artiſt being ridiculed by thoſe who were well acquainted with this ſage's wiſdom and continence, Socrates reprehended them for their mirth, and owned he was naturally ſuch as the phiſiognomiſt had declared, but that he had corrected the vices of his nature by the exerciſe of reaſon and hard ſtudy. Another profeſſor of metopoſcopy having viewed a portrait of Hippocrates, pronounced nearly the ſame ſentence againſt that father of medicine, and was in danger of being roughly handled by his diſciples, until they were undeceived by their maſter, who alſo had candour enough to acknowledge his own natural defects. Pliny, in mentioning the excellency of the painter Apelles, affirms, that he ſtruck the likeneſs of men ſo exactly, that a phiſiognomiſt,

by looking at them, could discover the age of the persons represented, and even predict the number of years they had to live. John, surnamed the FEARLESS, Duke of Burgundy, being taken prisoner in the battle of Nicopolis, fought between the Imperialists and the Turks, was upon the brink of being put to death, by order of the victor Sultan Bajazet, when a Turkish physiognomist saved his life, by assuring the Sultan, that from an accurate inspection of the prisoner, he could plainly perceive, that if John was dismissed, he would occasion a vast effusion of blood and many cruel wars among the Christians. This prediction, however, we must receive with some grains of allowance, though related as a fact by Henterus in his History of Burgundy. We are told by Paulus Jovius, that Antonio Tiberto, a native of Cesena, and a very famous physiognomist, prognosticated to Guido Balneo, the great favourite of Pandulfo Malatesta, a tyrant of Arimini, that he would be deprived of life by an intimate friend of his own. He likewise warned Pandulpho, that he would be expelled from his country, and die in extreme misery. Both events happened according to the prediction; Guido was put to death by the tyrant, who, in his turn, died in exile, wretchedly poor, and abandoned by all the world. St. Gregory of Nazianzen,

anzen, seeing Julian the Apostate, when he was a young man, at Athens; after having attentively viewed his face and appearance, exclaimed, "O what mischief will that youth occasion to the Roman empire!" St. Charles of Boromeo paid such regard to the physiognomy, that he would admit none into his family and service but persons of unblemished make and agreeable aspect, saying, "that beautiful souls generally dwelt in beautiful bodies." This general rule, however, is not without numerous exceptions. The Jesuit NICETUS being reputed the best physiognomist who hath committed his rules to writing, we shall specify some of them, for the entertainment of the curious; and every reader may compare them with the result of his own observations.

"A MAN of a *sanguine* or *gay disposition* is distinguished by a fair smooth skin, large muscles, quick growth, agility, plentiful sweats, a florid complexion, red hair, pleasing aspect, regular features, a strong clear and agreeable tone of voice, a strong full pulse, sound and long sleeping, pleasing dreams of dancing, riding, or flying. His constitution is hot and moist; his health various; his life long. His virtues consist in meekness, affability, gratitude, and urbanity:

the vices incident to this diſpoſition are, loquacity, fickleneſs, breach of faith, lying, luſt, and inconſtancy. In point of genius, he is volatile, capricious, and averſe to ſtudy.

"THE *choleric* or *fiery diſpoſition* is known by a lean habit, agility, a rigid fibre, duſky ſkin, ſhort curled hair, ſmall head, little eyes, quick pace, rough tongue, ſcanty ſecretion of ſpittle, a brown yelloviſh complexion, a quick haſty voice, a vehement hard frequent pulſe, ſhort and interrupted ſleep, turbulent dreams of wars and quarrels. His conſtitution is hot and dry, his health good, and life of a reaſonable length. His virtues conſiſt in diligence, ſtrength, vigilance, and conſtancy. With reſpect to vices, he is iraſcible, quarrelſome, apt to indulge hatred, ambitious, boaſtful, importunate, impolite, and invidious. His genius is keen, penetrating, and ſagacious.

"THE *phlegmatic diſpoſition* is attended with bulk, fullneſs, a great deal of ſpittle and mucus but no drought, grey hairs betimes, ſmall blood-veſſels, ſlow digeſtion, a white jolly ſleek effeminate countenance, a ſharp quick ſqueaking voice, a ſlow deliberate equal pulſe, ſweet eaſy long ſleeps; dreams of water, or moiſt objects. His conſtitution is cold and moiſt, his health indifferent,

different, and life ſhort. In point of virtue, he is meek, quiet, and inoffenſive in converſation. As to vice, he is idle, ſlothful, luxurious, and impolite; and with reſpect to genius, he is dull, and ſlow of comprehenſion.

"HE that inherits a *melancholic* or *terrene diſpoſition* has a ſmall body, beardleſs thin dry rough ſkin, and hard bones, a grey duſky leaden dejected countenance, a low quivering fearful voice, a ſlow ſmall hard pulſe, troubled ſleep, melancholy dreams of the dead. His conſtitution is cold and dry, his health very bad, and his life of ſhort duration. The virtues of this diſpoſition are, fidelity, ſtability, and prudence; but this more remarkable in youth than in old age. The vices are, ſullen ſilence, avarice, obſtinacy, and a ſuſpicious temper. The genius is profound, perſevering, and mature.

"STRENGTH OF BODY is known by ſtiff hair, large bones, ſwelling firm and robuſt limbs, ſhort muſcular neck, firm and erect; the hind-head broad and high, the fore-head ſhort hard and pecked, with briſtly hair; large feet, rather thick than broad; a harſh unequal voice, and choleric complexion.

"WEAKNESS OF BODY is diſtinguiſhed by a ſmall ill-proportioned head, narrow ſhoulders, ſoft ſkin, and melancholy complexion.

"THE ſigns of *long life* are, ſtrong teeth, a ſanguine temperament, middle ſtature, large deep and ruddy lines in the hand, large muſcles, ſtooping ſhoulders, full cheſt, firm fleſh, clear complexion, ſlow growth, wide ears, large eyelids, and the hollow of the navel equally wide at top and bottom.

"SHORT LIFE may be inferred from a thick tongue, the appearance of grinders before the age of puberty, thin ſtraggling and uneven teeth, confuſed lines in the hand, quick but ſmall growth, the lower part of the navel wider than the brim, and a melancholy temperament.

"A GOOD GENIUS may be expected from a thin ſkin, middling ſtature, blue light eyes, fair complexion, ſtraight and pretty ſtrong hair, large hands and fingers, an affable aſpect, the eye-brows joined, moderation in mirth, an open front, the temples a little concave, and the head ſhaped like a mallet.

"A DUNCE may be known by a ſwoln neck, plump arms ſides and loins, a round head concave behind,

behind, a large fleſhy forehead, pale eyes, dead heavy look, ſmall joints, ſnuffling noſtrils, prick-ears, proneneſs to laughter, little hands, an ill-protioned head, either too big or too little, blubber lips, ſhort fingers, and thick legs.

" FORTITUDE may be gueſſed from a wide mouth, a ſonorous voice, grave ſlow and always equal, upright poſture, large eyes, pretty open and ſtedfaſt, the hair high above the forehead, the head pretty much compreſſed or flattened, the forehead ſquare and high, the extremities large and robuſt, the neck firm, though not fleſhy, a large corpulent cheſt, and brown complexion.

" BOLDNESS is characteriſed by a prominent mouth, rugged appearance, rough forehead, arched eye-brows, large noſtrils and teeth, ſhort neck, big arms, ample cheſt, ſquare ſhoulders, and froward aſpect.

" PRUDENCE is generally diſtinguiſhed by an head flat on the ſides, a broad ſquare forehead, a little concave in the middle, a ſoft voice, large cheſt, thin hair, large eyes, either blue brown or black, pretty large ears, and an aquiline noſe.

" A GOOD MEMORY is commonly attached to thoſe perſons who are ſmaller, yet better formed in

upper than in the lower parts, not fat but fleshy, of a fair delicate skin, with the poll of the head uncovered, crooked nose, teeth thick set, large ears, with plenty of cartilage.

"A BAD MEMORY is observable in persons who are larger in their superior than inferior parts, fleshy, though dry and bald. *N. B.* This is expressly contrary to the remark of Aristotle, who says, that the superior parts being larger than the inferior signify a good memory, and *vice versâ*.

"A GOOD IMAGINATION *and thoughtful disposition* is distinguished by a large prominent forehead, a fixed and attentive look, slow respiration, and an inclination of the head.

"PERSONS who enjoy a *good sight* have generally black thick straight eye-lashes, large bushy eye-brows, concave eyes, contracted as it were inwards.

"SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE have a stern or earnest look, small short eye brows, large pupils, and prominent eyes.

"THOSE who possess *the sense of hearing* in perfection, have ears well furnished with gristle, well channelled, and hairy.

"THE

"THE *ſenſe of ſmelling* is moſt perfect in thoſe who have large noſes, deſcending very near the mouth, neither too moiſt nor too dry.

"A NICE *faculty of taſting* is peculiar to ſuch as have a ſpongy porous ſoft tongue, well moiſtened with ſaliva, yet not too moiſt.

"DELICACY *in the touch* belongs to thoſe who have a ſoft ſkin, ſenſible nerves, and nervous ſinews moderately warm and dry.

"IRASCIBILITY is accompanied by an erect poſture, a clear ſkin, ſolemn voice, open noſtrils, moiſt temples diſplaying ſuperficial veins, thick neck, equal uſe of both hands, quick pace, blood-ſhot eyes, large unequal ill-ranged teeth, and choleric complexion.

"TIMOROUSNESS reſides where we find a concave nape of the neck, pale colour, weak winking eyes, ſoft hair, long ſlender neck, ſmooth plump breaſt, ſhrill tremulous voice, ſmall round mouth, thin lips, broad thin hands, and ſmall ſhambling feet.

"MELANCHOLY is denoted by a wrinkled front, dejected eyes, meeting eye-brows, ſlow pace, fixed look, and deliberate reſpiration.

"AN *amorous diſpoſition* may be known by a fair ſlender face, a redundancy of hair, rough temples, broad forehead, gracious look, moiſt ſhining eyes, wide noſtrils, narrow ſhoulders, hairy hands and arms, legs well ſhaped and ſinewy.

"GAIETY attends a ſerene open forehead, roſy agreeable countenance, a ſweet muſical tone of voice, an agile body, and ſoft fleſh.

"ENVY appears with a wrinkled forehead, frowning dejected and ſquinting look, a pale melancholy aſpect, a dry rough ſkin, and hard bones.

"INTREPIDITY often reſides in a ſmall body, with red curled hair, ruddy countenance, ſquare forehead, frowning eye-brows arched and meeting, rolling eyes, blue or yellowiſh, a large mouth, and reddiſh lines in the palm of the hand.

"GENTLENESS, *or complacency*, may be diſtinguiſhed by a ſoft and moiſt palm, frequency of ſhutting the eyes, ſoft movement, ſlow ſpeech, ſoft ſtraight and red hair.

"BASHFULNESS may be diſcovered by moiſt eyes, never wide open, eye-brows frequently lowered, bluſhing cheeks, moderate pace, ſlow and

and ſubmiſſive ſpeech, bent body, and glowing ears of a purple hue.

" TEMPERANCE, *or ſobriety*, is accompanied with an equal reſpiration, a moderate ſized mouth, ſmooth temples, eyes of an ordinary ſize, either fair or azure, and a ſhort flat belly.

" STRENGTH *of mind* is ſignified by red curled hair, a ſmall body, ſhining eyes, but a little depreſſed, a grave intenſe voice, buſhy beard, large broad back and ſhoulders.

" PRIDE ſtands confeſſed with arched eye-brows, large prominent mouth, a broad cheſt, ſlow pace, erected head, ſhrugging ſhoulders, and ſtaring eyes.

" LUXURY dwells with a ruddy or paliſh complexion, downy temples, bald pate, little eyes, thick neck, corpulent body, large noſe, ſtrutting belly, thin eye-brows, and hands covered with a kind of down.

" LOQUACITY may be expected from a buſhy beard, broad fingers, pointed tongue, eyes of a ruddy hue, a large prominent upper lip, a downy belly, and ſharp-pointed noſe.

" PERVERSE-

"PERVERSENESS may be dreaded when we perceive a high forehead, firm ſhort thick immoveable neck, quick ſpeech, immoderate laughter, fiery eyes, ſhort fleſhy hands and fingers.

"IMPUDENCE may be inferred from fiery ſtaring eyes, eager look, circular forehead, round ruddy countenance, elevated cheſt, flat noſe, and loud laughter."

ESSAY

ESSAY IX.

OF all vulgar errors and idle remarks, that of Faſcination, or the Evil Eye, is the moſt common, and perhaps the moſt ancient. This ſpecies of ſuperſtition generally prevailed among the Romans, as we learn from the teſtimony of Pliny, Plutarch, Aulus Gellius, and others, not forgetting the hackneyed line of Virgil,

Neſcio quis teneros oculus mihi faſcinat agnos.

PLUTARCH, who beſtows a dialogue expreſsly on this ſubject, gives us to underſtand, that the conceit of Faſcination was derived from the moſt remote antiquity. In Greece it was common in the time of Ariſtotle, who obſerves in one of his problems, that the herb rue was accounted a ſpecific againſt Faſcination. To the prepoſſeſſion of ſo many ages, we may add the ſuffrage of many learned men, theologiſts as well as phyſicians.

FOR theſe reaſons, a man at firſt ſight who barely follows the rules of common criticiſm, would

would believe that Faſcination really exiſted, and even look upon it as a flagrant piece of raſh preſumption to deny that which at all times hath been adopted by the common conſent of all nations: but we, who know the facility with which a falſe opinion is communicated from one perſon to another, and laugh at the common notions of the multitude, poſſeſs, thank heaven! a mind quite free from either the fear or veneration, which the opinions of the vulgar uſually inſpire, and altogether unreſtrained by the authority of ages, or the conſent of nations. On the contrary, we are perſuaded that the whole doctrine of Faſcination is a mere fable, produced and nouriſhed among ignorant, rude, and ſuperſtitious people, and afterwards communicated through want of reflection to perſons of greater capacity.

FASCINATION is ſuppoſed to be the action of injuring any perſon by a glance of the eye; but it is commonly imagined, as a neceſſary circumſtance, that the faſcinator muſt look at the perſon faſcinated with an emotion of envy. Beautiful children are thought to be the moſt expoſed to this damage, becauſe the tenderneſs of their conſtitution is more capable of receiving a malignant impreſſion, and their beauty excites the envy

envy of the beholders. Some ſuppoſe, that not only envy, but likewiſe love ſometimes produces the ſame effect, which is likewiſe occaſioned by praiſing as well as by looking upon the object.

PLAIN and obvious it is, that according to ſound philoſophy, neither the one nor the other can make the leaſt impreſſion. The eye-ſight is not active, but confined within its proper organ, which receives the pictures from the object, but ſends nothing to it in return: neither do words, either of praiſe or diſparagement, poſſeſs any phyſical power of action, having nothing but the ſignification or intentional repreſentation which hath been affixed to them by the arbitrary will of mankind; therefore all that has been ſaid of Faſcination is a mere chimæra.

AMONG the medical authors who treat of this ſubject, Vallis ſuſpects that the error ariſes from this circumſtance: That handſome, healthy, and fleſhy children are the moſt ſubject to be ſeized with ſome dangerous indiſpoſition; in confirmation of which he quotes an aphoriſm from Hippocrates: *Habitus, qui ad ſummum bonitatis pertingit, periculoſus eſt*; and that of Cornelius Celſus: *Qui nitidiores ſolito ſunt, ſuſpecta bona,*

bona, fua habere debent. "Now (fays he) the vulgar being ignorant of this rule in medicine, or this law of nature, impute the fudden tranfition from health to ficknefs in fuch children, to the evil eye of thofe who look upon them." Whether thefe two aphorifms be true or falfe, certain it is they are here mifapplied by Vallis; firft, becaufe neither Hippocrates nor Celfus fays that, in this ftate of perfect health, the tranfition to diftemper is fudden; and fecondly, becaufe both are equally applicable to adults and children, and thus are generally underftood by phyficians. Nor, in fact, do we believe that this fudden failure of health in children is frequent: if it happens oftener in them than in adults, it ought to be attributed to the tendernefs and little ftrength of the fibres, which, being incapable of making much refiftance, may, from various caufes, internal as well as external, fuddenly lofe their tone. This, no doubt, is the moft probable caufe of thofe fudden changes; whereas that of the influence of evil eyes is totally improbable, not only for the reafons we have already given, but alfo for this we are going to add.

WERE the common notion true, thofe children would be the moft frequently fafcinated who are moft likely to excite envy; I mean the children of noblemen

noblemen and opulent perſons, who generally appear the moſt neat, jolly, clean, handſome, and richly clothed: whereas the contrary is evident; for thoſe who moſt generally complain of their children being bewitched, are poor low creatures. Indeed the caſe is very plain. As they take leſs care of them, and frequently expoſe them to the weather, to extreme cold, and exceſſive heat, as well as many other inconveniences, they muſt of courſe be more ſubject to thoſe ſudden accidents. Nevertheleſs, with reſpect to the children of the gentry, other cauſes may give riſe to this ſuperſtitious belief. We have heard of a lady, who, in her childhood, never went to church without being taken with ſome diſorder. The reaſon was, that, in dreſſing her for the occaſion, they tied her garments ſo ſtrait as to impede the circulation of the blood. This cauſe, in a little time, produced the indiſpoſition we have mentioned; the reaſon of which ſhe very well knew, and did not fail to lament: but it could never be driven out of the heads of the ſervants, that when ſhe appeared in public, with the additional circumſtances of beauty and rich apparel, ſhe always ſuffered by an evil eye.

We cannot help obſerving, that the common precaution taken againſt an evil eye, by hanging round

round the necks of children a little hand made of jet, or other figure, ſignifying deriſion and contempt, in order to defend them from the evil influence of envious eyes, is inherited by lawful ſucceſſion from the ſuperſtition of the Gentiles.

AMONG the multitude of ridiculous deities which the Romans adored, there was one called FASCINO, upon whom they conferred that name, becauſe they believed him capable of protecting perſons from the power of Faſcination. The image of this divinity, who was exceſſively ugly and extremely ridiculous, they not only hung to the necks of their infants, but even fixed to their triumphal chariots; perſuaded that thoſe who appeared in all the glory of a triumph, were, as objects of the moſt rancorous envy, under the neceſſity of having ſome ſuch protection. The conformity of the rites ſhews, that the cuſtom of theſe days took its origin from the practice of antiquity.

THE argument which the patrons of Faſcination uſe in favour of this opinion, by alledging the ſteams or noxious effluvia which proceed from ſome bodies, is of no weight nor conſequence to the ſubject: firſt, becauſe the motion of theſe effluvia does not depend upon the ſenſe of ſeeing; for he that is poſſeſſed of theſe effluvia will not fail

fail to send them forth, whether he does or does not look upon any object: secondly, because the course of them does not depend upon the affection of envy, or of love; but solely on the internal or external heat by which they are agitated, and exhaled from the body. It may be said, perhaps, that there is one particular kind of poisonous effluvia, which flows from the eyes only: but this is a new system of physics, invented at pleasure, for no other purpose than to support the other fable. But, granting that the pores of the eyes are the only conduits for these effluvia, as soon as they come forth, they must be dispersed in the circumambient air, like all other effluvia, instead of going in a straight line to the object of view. The action of looking can never direct them to the object, because, as we have already hinted, that action is immanent, to use the terms of philosophy: in other words, it has no effect outwards; but is wholly exerted within the organ of sight.

With respect to the other argument, founded on various examples of birds being killed, and mirrors broken, merely by being looked upon by those who possess this inherent venom, we shall answer them in the words of Vallis, *meræ nugæ, meræ fabulæ.*

ESSAY

ESSAY X.

I TAKE the liberty to communicate to the public, a few looſe thoughts upon a ſubject, which, though often handled, has not yet, in my opinion, been fully diſcuſſed: I mean National Concord, or Unanimity, which, in this kingdom, has been generally conſidered as a bare poſſibility, that exiſted nowhere but in ſpeculation. Such an union is, perhaps, neither to be expected nor wiſhed for, in a country whoſe liberty depends rather upon the genius of the people, than upon any precautions which they have taken in a conſtitutional way for the guard and preſervation of this ineſtimable bleſſing.

THERE is a very honeſt gentleman with whom I have been acquainted theſe thirty years, during which there has not been one ſpeech uttered againſt the Miniſtry in parliament, nor a ſtruggle at an election for a burgeſs to ſerve in the Houſe of Commons, nor a pamphlet publiſhed in oppoſition to any meaſure of the Adminiſtration, nor even

even a private cenſure paſſed in his hearing upon the miſconduct of any perſon concerned in public affairs, but he is immediately alarmed, and loudly exclaims againſt ſuch factious doings, in order to ſet the people by the ears together at ſuch a delicate juncture. "At any other time (ſays he) ſuch oppoſition might not be improper, and I don't queſtion the facts that are alledged; but at this criſis, Sir, to inflame the nation!—the man deſerves to be puniſhed as a traitor to his country." In a word, according to this Gentleman's opinion, the nation has been in a violent criſis at any time theſe thirty years; and were it poſſible for him to live another century, he would never find any period at which a man might with ſafety impugn the infallibility of a Miniſter.

THE caſe is no more than this: My honeſt friend has inveſted his whole fortune in the Stocks, on Government ſecurity, and trembles at every whiff of popular diſcontent. Were every Britiſh ſubject of the ſame tame and timid diſpoſition, Magna Charta (to uſe the coarſe phraſe of Oliver Cromwell) would be no more regarded by an ambitious Prince than Magna F—ta, and the Liberties of England expire without a groan. Oppoſition, when reſtrained within due bounds, is the ſalubrious gale that ventilates the opinions of the people,

people, which might otherwiſe ſtagnate into the moſt abject ſubmiſſion. It may be ſaid to purify the atmoſphere of politics; to diſpel the groſs vapours raiſed by the influence of Miniſterial artifice and corruption, until the Conſtitution, like a mighty rock, ſtands full diſcloſed to the view of every individual who dwells within the ſhade of its protection. Even when this gale blows with augmented violence, it generally tends to the advantage of the Commonwealth: it awakes the apprehenſion, and conſequently arouſes all the faculties of the pilot at the helm, who redoubles his vigilance and caution, exerts his utmoſt ſkill, and, becoming acquainted with the nature of the navigation, in a little time learns to ſuit his canvaſs to the roughneſs of the ſea, and the trim of the veſſel. Without theſe intervening ſtorms of Oppoſition to exerciſe his faculties, he would become enervate, negligent, and preſumptuous; and, in the wantonneſs of his power, truſting to ſome deceitful calm, perhaps hazard a ſtep that would wreck the Conſtitution. Yet there is a meaſure in all things. A moderate froſt will fertilize the glebe with nitrous particles, and deſtroy the eggs of pernicious inſects, that prey upon the fancy of the year: but if this froſt increaſes in ſeverity and duration, it will chill the ſeeds, and even freeze up the roots of vegetables; it will check the bloom,

bloom, nip the buds, and blaſt all the promiſe of the ſpring. The vernal breeze that drives the fogs before it, that bruſhes the cobwebs from the boughs, that fans the air and foſters vegetation, if augmented to a tempeſt, will ſtrip the leaves, overthrow the tree, and deſolate the garden. The auſpicious gale before which the trim veſſel plows the boſom of the ſea, while the mariners are kept alert in duty and in ſpirits, if converted to a hurricane, overwhelms the crew with terror and confuſion. The ſails are rent, the cordage cracked, the maſts give way; the maſter eyes the havock with mute deſpair, and the veſſel founders in the ſtorm. Oppoſition, when confined within its proper channel, ſweeps away thoſe beds of ſoil and banks of ſand which corruptive power had gathered; but when it overflows its banks, and deluges the plain, its courſe is marked by ruin and devaſtation.

THE Oppoſition neceſſary in a free State like that of Great Britain, is not at all incompatible with that National Concord which ought to unite the people on all emergencies in which the general ſafety is at ſtake. It is the jealouſy of patriotiſm, not the rancour of party; the warmth of candour, not the virulence of hate; a tranſient diſpute among friends, not an implacable feud, that admits

mits of no reconciliation. The hiſtory of all ages teems with the fatal effects of internal diſcord; and were hiſtory and tradition annihilated, common ſenſe would plainly point out the miſchiefs that muſt ariſe from want of harmony and national union. Every ſchool-boy can have recourſe to the fable of the rods, which, when united in a bundle, no ſtrength could bend; but when ſeparated into ſingle twigs, a child could break with eaſe.

ESSAY

ESSAY XI.

I HAVE ſpent the greater part of my life in making obſervations on men and things, and in projecting ſchemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labours have met with an ungrateful return, I will ſtill perſiſt in my endeavours for its ſervice, like that venerable, unſhaken, and neglected patriot Mr. JACOB HENRIQUEZ, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a ſhining example of Chriſtian fortitude and perſeverance*. And here my conſcience urges me to confeſs, that the hint upon which the following propoſals are built, was taken from an advertiſement of the ſaid patriot HENRIQUEZ, in which he gives the public to underſtand, that Heaven had indulged him with "ſeven bleſſed

* A man well known at this period (1762), as well as during many preceding years, for the numerous ſchemes he was daily offering to various Miniſters for the purpoſe of raiſing money by loans, paying off the national incumbrances, &c. &c. none of which, however, were ever known to have received the ſmalleſt notice.

daughters." Bleſſed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more bleſſed may they be, if the ſcheme I offer ſhould be adopted by the Legiſlature.

THE proportion which the number of females born in theſe kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, ſuppoſed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but as women are not ſo ſubject as the other ſex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we ſhall find the balance on the female ſide. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the Plantations, from whence they never return, thoſe that die at ſea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the conſumption of the preſent war by ſea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Iſlands, Germany, Africa, and Aſia, we may fairly ſtate the loſs of men during the war at one hundred thouſand. If this be the caſe, there muſt be a ſuperplus of the other ſex amounting to the ſame number, and this ſuperplus will conſiſt of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all thoſe who are fit to bear children are likewiſe fit to bear arms. Now as we have ſeen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make appear that it may be defended by young

young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture *, when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and indeed in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great Potentates of Europe.

But, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer, that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present

* In the year 1762.

to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expreſsly ſays, there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought againſt the Lybian Hercules. We read in the Voyages of Columbus, that one of the Caribbee Iſlands was poſſeſſed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go further than our own age and country to prove, that the ſpirit and conſtitution of the fair ſex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important Hiſtory of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called MARY READ and ANNE BONNY. I myſelf have had the honour to drink with ANNE CASSIER, alias MOTHER WADE, who had diſtinguiſhed herſelf among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-houſe in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewiſe converſed with MOLL DAVIS, who had ſerved as a dragoon in all queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the penſion of Cheſea. The late war with Spain, and even the preſent, hath produced inſtances of females enliſting both in the land and ſea ſervice, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the diſguiſe of the other ſex. And who has not heard of the celebrated JENNY CAMERON, and ſome other enterpriſing ladies of North-Britain, who attended a certain Adven-

Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their reſpective clans in a military character? That ſtrength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair ſex, will not be denied by thoſe who have ſeen the water-women of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fiſhwomen of Billingſgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers, who ſwarm in the fields; and the bunters who ſwagger in the ſtreets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

THERE is ſcarcely a ſtreet in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who diſcipline their huſbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapſed ſince I was witneſs to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal ſkill and fury until one of them gave out, after having ſuſtained ſeven falls on the hard ſtones. They were both ſtripped to the under-petticoat; their breaſts were carefully ſwathed with handkerchiefs, and as no veſtiges of features were to be ſeen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other ſex, until a by-

ſtander aſſured me of the contrary, giving me to underſtand, that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin baſtards, begot by her ſecond, who was an Iriſh chairman. When I ſee the avenues of the Strand beſet every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, ſtop and beat and plunder paſſengers, I cannot help wiſhing, that ſuch martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that thoſe who are ſo loaded with temporal fire, and ſo little afraid of eternal fire, ſhould, inſtead of ruining the ſouls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their deſtructive qualities againſt the enemies of the nation.

HAVING thus demonſtrated that the fair ſex are not deficient in ſtrength and reſolution, I would humbly propoſe, that as there is an exceſs on their ſide in quantity to the amount of one hundred thouſand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raiſing thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and ſerve in regimentals adapted to their ſex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breaſt bare, an open jacket, and trowſers that deſcended no farther than the knee; the right breaſt was deſtroyed, that

that it might not impede them in bending the bow, or darting the javelin; but there is no occaſion for this cruel exciſion in the preſent diſcipline, as we have ſeen inſtances of women who handle the muſquet, without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the ſex love gaiety, they may be cloathed in veſts of pink ſattin and open drawers of the ſame, with buſkins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their ſhoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the incumbrance of ſwords or ſhoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and faſhion will undertake to raiſe companies at their own expence, provided they like their colonels; but I muſt inſiſt upon it, if this ſcheme ſhould be embraced, that Mr. HENRIQUEZ's ſeven bleſſed Daughters may be provided with commiſſions, as the project is in ſome meaſure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion, that Mrs. KITTY FISHER * ſhall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided ſhe will warrant them all ſound, and be content to wear proper badges of diſtinction.

* A celebrated Courtezan of that time.

A FEMALE brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

ESSAY

ESSAY XII.

AS I am one of that ſauntering tribe of mortals who ſpend the greateſt part of their time in taverns, coffee-houſes, and other places of public reſort, I have thereby an opportunity of obſerving an infinite variety of characters, which, to a perſon of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curioſities of art or nature. In one of theſe my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm diſpute about ſome political affair; the deciſion of which, as they were equally divided in their ſentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a ſhare of the converſation.

AMONGST a multiplicity of other topics, we took occaſion to talk of the different characters of the ſeveral nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and aſſuming

such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; that the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants: but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the other world.

THIS very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your Humble Servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping, by this means, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

BUT my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every

every one in the company; for which purpoſe, addreſſing himſelf to me with an air of inexpreſſible confidence, he aſked me if I was not of the ſame way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, eſpecially when I have reaſon to believe that it will not be agreeable; ſo, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to ſpeak my real ſentiments. I therefore told him, that for my own part, I ſhould not have ventured to talk in ſuch a peremptory ſtrain, unleſs I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of theſe ſeveral nations with great care and accuracy: that, perhaps, a more impartial judge would not ſcruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and induſtrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more ſtaid and ſedate, than the Engliſh; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the ſame time raſh, headſtrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with proſperity, and to deſpond in adverſity.

I COULD eaſily perceive, that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finiſhed my anſwer, which I had no ſooner done, than the patriotic gentleman obſerved, with a con-

a contemptuous ſneer, that he was greatly ſurprized how ſome people could have the conſcience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that, by this modeſt declaration of my ſentiments, I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occaſion to call my political principles in queſtion, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were ſo very full of themſelves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the abſurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepoſſeſſion.

AMONG all the famous ſayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleaſure to the reader (at leaſt if he be a perſon of a generous and benevolent heart) than that of the philoſopher, who, being aſked what "countryman he was," replied, that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can ſay the ſame, or whoſe conduct is conſiſtent with ſuch a profeſſion? We are now become ſo much Engliſhmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the

world:

world : so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners ; but the misfortune is, that they infect the minds, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen ; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman ; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and all other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on ; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural : the slender vine twists around

around the ſturdy oak for no other reaſon in the world, but becauſe it has not ſtrength ſufficient to ſupport itſelf.

SHOULD it be alledged in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and neceſſary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be deſtroyed without hurting the latter, I anſwer, that this is a groſs fallacy and deluſion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and neceſſary growth of it, I abſolutely deny. Superſtition and enthuſiaſm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it in his head to affirm, that they are the neceſſary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the baſtard ſprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may ſafely enough be lopt off, without doing any harm to the parent ſtock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flouriſh in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very poſſible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the moſt heroic bravery, the moſt undaunted reſolution, in defending its laws and liberty, without deſpiſing all the reſt of the

the world as cowards and poltrons? Moſt certainly it is; and if it were not—But what need I ſuppoſe what is abſolutely impoſſible?—But if it were not, I muſt own I ſhould prefer the title of the ancient philoſopher, *viz.* a Citizen of the World, to that of an Engliſhman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

ESSAY

ESSAY XIII.

AMIDST the frivolous purſuits and pernicious diſſipations of the preſent age, a reſpect for the qualities of the underſtanding ſtill prevails to ſuch a degree, that almoſt every individual pretends to have a TASTE for the BELLES LETTRES. The ſpruce prentice ſets up for a critic, and the puny beau piques himſelf upon being a connoiſſeur. Without aſſigning cauſes for this univerſal preſumption, we ſhall proceed to obſerve, that if it was attended with no other inconvenience than that of expoſing the pretender to the ridicule of thoſe few who can ſift his pretenſions, it might be unneceſſary to undeceive the public, or to endeavour at the reformation of innocent folly, productive of no evil to the commonwealth. But in reality this folly is productive of manifold evils to the community. If the reputation of TASTE can be acquired without the leaſt aſſiſtance of literature, by reading modern poems, and ſeeing modern plays, what perſon will deny himſelf the pleaſure

ſure of ſuch an eaſy qualification? Hence the youth of both ſexes are debauched to diverſion, and ſeduced from much more profitable occupations into idle endeavours after literary fame; and a ſuperficial falſe Taſte, founded on ignorance and conceit, takes poſſeſſion of the public. The acquiſition of learning, the ſtudy of nature, is neglected as ſuperfluous labour; and the beſt faculties of the mind remain unexerciſed, and indeed unopened, by the power of thought and reflection. Falſe Taſte will not only diffuſe itſelf through all our amuſements, but even influence our moral and political conduct: for what is falſe Taſte, but want of perception to diſcern propriety and diſtinguiſh beauty?

It has been often alledged, that Taſte is a natural talent, as independent of art as ſtrong eyes, or a delicate ſenſe of ſmelling; and, without all doubt, the principal ingredient in thecompoſition of Taſte is a natural ſenſibility, without which it cannot exiſt; but it differs from the ſenſes in this particular, that they are finiſhed by nature; whereas Taſte cannot be brought to perfection without proper cultivation: for Taſte pretends to judge not only of nature, but alſo of art; and that judgment is founded upon obſervation and compariſon.

What

WHAT Horace has said of Genius, is still more applicable to Taste.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ:
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.

HOR. ART. POET.

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
From *Art* or *Nature* their best right to fame;
But *Art*, if not enrich'd by Nature's vein,
And a rude *Genius* of uncultur'd strain,
Are useless both; but, when in friendship join'd,
A mutual succour in each other find.

FRANCIS.

We have seen *Genius* shine without the help of *Art*; but *Taste* must be cultivated by Art, before it will produce agreeable fruit. This, however, we must still inculcate with Quintilian, that study, precept, and observation, will nought avail, without the assistance of nature:

Illud tamen imprimis testandum est, nihil præcepta atque artes valere, nisi adjuvante naturâ.

YET even though Nature has done her part, by implanting the seeds of taste, great pains must be taken, and great skill exerted, in raising them to a proper pitch of vegetation. The judicious

Tutor

Tutor muſt gradually and tenderly unfold the mental faculties of the Youth committed to his charge. He muſt cheriſh his delicate perception; ſtore his mind with proper ideas; point out the different channels of obſervation; teach him to compare objects; to eſtabliſh the limits of right and wrong, of truth and falſehood; to diſtinguiſh beauty from tinſel, and grace from affectation; in a word, to ſtrengthen and improve by culture, experience, and inſtruction, thoſe natural powers of feeling and ſagacity, which conſtitute the faculty called TASTE, and enable the profeſſor to enjoy the delights of the BELLES LETTRES.

WE cannot agree in opinion with thoſe who imagine that Nature has been equally favourable to all men, in conferring upon them a fundamental capacity, which may be improved to all the refinement of Taſte and Criticiſm. Every day's experience convinces us of the contrary. Of two Youths educated under the ſame Preceptor, inſtructed with the ſame care, and cultivated with the ſame aſſiduity, one ſhall not only comprehend, but even anticipate the leſſons of his Maſter, by dint of natural diſcernment; while the other toils in vain to imbibe the leaſt tincture of inſtruction. Such indeed is the diſtinction between Genius and Stupidity, which every man has an opportunity of

ſeeing

ſeeing among his friends and acquaintance. Not that we ought too haſtily to decide upon the natural capacities of children, before we have maturely conſidered the peculiarity of diſpoſition, and the bias by which Genius may be ſtrangely warped from the common path of education. A Youth incapable of retaining one rule of grammar, or of acquiring the leaſt knowledge of the claſſics, may, nevertheleſs, make great progreſs in mathematics; nay, he may have a ſtrong genius for the mathematics, without being able to comprehend a demonſtration of Euclid; becauſe his mind conceives in a peculiar manner, and is ſo intent upon contemplating the object in one particular point of view, that it cannot perceive it in any other. We have known an inſtance of a Boy, who, while his Maſter complained that he had not capacity to comprehend the properties of a right-angled triangle, had actually, in private, by the power of his genius, formed a mathematical ſyſtem of his own, diſcovered a ſeries of curious theorems, and even applied his deductions to practical machines of ſurpriſing conſtruction. Beſides, in the education of Youth, we ought to remember, that ſome capacities are like the *pyra præcocia*; they ſoon blow, and ſoon attain to all that degree of maturity which they are capable of acquiring; while, on the other hand, there are geniuſes of ſlow growth,

growth, that are late in burſting the bud and long in ripening. Yet the firſt ſhall yield a faint bloſſom and inſipid fruit; whereas the produce of the other ſhall be diſtinguiſhed and admired for its well-concocted juice and exquiſite flavour. We have known a Boy of five years of age ſurpriſe every body by playing on the violin in ſuch a manner as ſeemed to promiſe a prodigy in muſic. He had all the aſſiſtance that Art could afford; by the age of ten, his genius was at the ακμὴ; yet after that period, notwithſtanding the moſt intenſe application, he never gave the leaſt ſigns of improvement. At ſix he was admired as a miracle of muſic; at ſix and twenty, he was neglected as an ordinary fiddler. The celebrated DEAN SWIFT was a remarkable inſtance in the other extreme. He was long conſidered as an incorrigible dunce, and did not obtain his degree at the Univerſity but *ex ſpeciali gratia:* yet when his powers began to unfold, he ſignalized himſelf by a very remarkable ſuperiority of genius. When a Youth, therefore, appears dull of apprehenſion, and ſeems to derive no advantage from ſtudy and inſtruction, the Tutor muſt exerciſe his ſagacity in diſcovering whether the ſoil be abſolutely barren, or ſown with ſeed repugnant to its nature, or of ſuch a quality as requires repeated culture and length of time to ſet its juices in fermentation. Theſe obſervations, however,

however, relate to Capacity in general, which we ought carefully to distinguish from Taste. Capacity implies the power of retaining what is received; Taste is the power of relishing or rejecting whatever is offered for the entertainment of the imagination. A man may have capacity to acquire what is called Learning and Philosophy; but he must have also sensibility before he feels those emotions with which Taste receives the impressions of beauty.

NATURAL Taste is apt to be seduced and debauched by vicious precept and bad example. There is a dangerous tinsel in false Taste, by which the unwary mind and young imagination are often fascinated. Nothing has been so often explained, and yet so little understood, as simplicity in writing. Simplicity in this acceptation has a larger signification than either the ἁπλόον of the Greeks, or the *simplex* of the Latins; for it implies beauty. It is the ἁπλόον καὶ ἡδὺν of Demetrius Phalereus, the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, and expressed by one word, *naiveté* in the French language. It is, in fact, no other than beautiful nature, without affectation or extraneous ornament. In statuary, it is the Venus of Medicis; in architecture, the Pantheon. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the instances of this natural

natural simplicity that occur in poetry and painting, among the antients and moderns. We shall only mention two examples of it, the beauty of which consists in the pathetic.

ANAXAGORAS, the philosopher and preceptor of Pericles, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and, after a short pause, consoled himself with a reflection couched in three words, ἤδειν, θνητὸς γεγεννηκώς, "I knew they were mortal." The other instance we select from the tragedy of Macbeth. The gallant Macduff, being informed that his wife and children were murdered by order of the tyrant, pulls his hat over his eyes, and his internal agony bursts out into an exclamation of four words, the most expressive, perhaps, that ever were uttered: "He has no children." This is the energetic language of simple nature, which is now grown into disrepute. By the present mode of education we are forcibly warped from the bias of nature, and all simplicity in manners is rejected. We are taught to disguise and distort our sentiments, until the faculty of thinking is diverted into an unnatural channel; and we not only relinquish and forget, but also become incapable of our original dispositions. We are totally changed into creatures of art and affectation. Our perception is abused, and even our senses are perverted. Our minds

loſe their native force and flavour. The imagination, ſweated by artificial fire, produces nought but vapid bloom. The genius, inſtead of growing like a vigorous tree, extending its branches on every ſide, and bearing delicious fruit, reſembles a ſtunted yew, tortured into ſome wretched form, projecting no ſhade, diſplaying no flower, diffuſing no fragrance, yielding no fruit, and affording nothing but a barren conceit for the amuſement of the idle ſpectator.

THUS debauched from Nature, how can we reliſh her genuine productions? As well might a man diſtinguiſh objects through a priſm, that preſents nothing but a variety of colours to the eye; or a maid pining in the green ſickneſs prefer a biſcuit to a cinder. It has been often alledged that the paſſions can never be wholly depoſited; and that by appealing to theſe, a good writer will always be able to force himſelf into the hearts of his readers: but even the ſtrongeſt paſſions are weakened, nay ſometimes totally extinguiſhed, by mutual oppoſition, diſſipation, and acquired inſenſibility. How often, at the theatre, is the tear of ſympathy and the burſt of laughter repreſſed by a ridiculous ſpecies of pride, refuſing approbation to the author and actor, and renouncing ſociety with the audience? This ſeeming inſenſibility is not owing to any original defect. Nature has

has ſtretched the ſtring, though it has long ceaſed to vibrate. It may have been diſplaced and diſtracted by the violence of pride; it may have loſt its tone through long diſuſe; or be ſo twiſted or overſtrained, as to produce the moſt jarring diſcords.

If ſo little regard is paid to Nature when ſhe knocks ſo powerfully at the breaſt, ſhe muſt be altogether neglected and deſpiſed in her calmer mood of ſerene tranquillity, when nothing appears to recommend her but ſimplicity, propriety, and innocence. A perſon muſt have delicate feelings that can taſte the celebrated repartee in Terence: *Homo ſum; nihil humani à me alienum puto:* "I am a man; therefore think I have an intereſt in every thing that concerns humanity." A clear blue ſky ſpangled with ſtars will prove an inſipid object to eyes accuſtomed to the glare of torches and tapers, gilding and glitter; eyes that will turn with diſguſt from the green mantle of the ſpring, ſo gorgeouſly adorned with buds and foliage, flowers and bloſſoms, to contemplate a gaudy ſilken robe, ſtriped and interſected with unfriendly tints that fritter the maſſes of light and diſtract the viſion, pinked into the moſt fantaſtic forms, flounced, and furbelowed, and fringed with all the littleneſs of art unknown to elegance.

THOSE ears that are offended by the notes of the thruſh, the blackbird, and the nightingale, will be regaled and raviſhed by the ſqueaking fiddle touched by a muſician who has no other genius than that which lies in his fingers: they will even be entertained with the rattling of coaches, and the alarming knock by which the doors of faſhionable people are ſo loudly diſtinguiſhed. The ſenſe of ſmelling that delights in the ſcent of excrementitious animal juices, ſuch as muſk, civet, and urinous ſalts, will loath the fragrance of new-mown hay, the ſweet-briar, the honey-ſuckle, and the roſe. The organs that are gratified with the taſte of ſickly veal bled into a palſy, crammed fowls, and dropſical brawn, peaſe without ſubſtance, peaches without taſte, and pine-apples without flavour, will certainly nauſeate the native, genuine, and ſalutary taſte of Welch beef, Banſtead mutton, and barn-door fowls, whoſe juices are concocted by a natural digeſtion, and whoſe fleſh is conſolidated by free air and exerciſe. In ſuch a total perverſion of the ſenſes, the ideas muſt be miſrepreſented; the powers of the imagination diſordered, and the judgment, of conſequence, unſound. The diſeaſe is attended with a falſe appetite, which the natural food of the mind will not ſatisfy. It will prefer Ovid to Tibullus, and the rant of Lee to the tenderneſs of Otway.

The

The ſoul ſinks into a kind of ſleepy ideotiſm; and is diverted by toys and baubles, which can only be pleaſing to the moſt ſuperficial curioſity. It is enlivened by a quick ſucceſſion of trivial objects, that gliſten and dance before the eye; and, like an infant, is kept awake and inſpirited by the ſound of a rattle. It muſt not only be dazzled and aroufed, but alſo cheated, hurried, and perplexed by the artifice of deception, buſineſs, intricacy, and intrigue; a kind of low juggle, which may be termed the legerdemain of Genius.

In this ſtate of depravity the mind cannot enjoy, nor, indeed, diſtinguiſh the charms of natural and moral beauty and decorum. The ingenuous bluſh of native innocence, the plain language of antient faith and ſincerity, the cheerful reſignation to the will of Heaven, the mutual affection of the Charities, the voluntary reſpect paid to ſuperior dignity or ſtation, the virtue of beneficence, extended even to the brute creation, nay the very crimſon glow of health, and ſwelling lines of beauty, are deſpiſed, deteſted, ſcorned, and ridiculed, as ignorance, rudeneſs, ruſticity, and ſuperſtition. Thus we ſee how moral and natural beauty are connected; and of what importance it is, even to the formation of Taſte, that the manners ſhould be ſeverely ſuperintended. This is a talk

which ought to take the lead of ſcience; for we will venture to ſay, that Virtue is the foundation of Taſte; or rather, that Virtue and Taſte are built upon the ſame foundation of ſenſibility, and cannot be diſjoined without offering violence to both. But Virtue muſt be informed, and Taſte inſtructed, otherwiſe they will both remain imperfect and ineffectual:

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis,
Quo ſit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hoſpes,
Quod ſit Conſcripti, quod judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum miſſi ducis; ille profectò
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique.

The Critic, who with nice diſcernment knows
What to his country and his friends he owes;
How various Nature warms the human breaſt,
To love the parent, brother, friend, or gueſt;
What the great functions of our judges are,
Of Senators, and General ſent to war;
He can diſtinguiſh, with unerring art,
The ſtrokes peculiar to each different part.

HOR.

Thus we ſee Taſte is compoſed of Nature improved by Art; of Feeling tutored by Inſtruction.

ESSAY

ESSAY XIV.

HAVING explained what we conceive to be True Taſte, and in ſome meaſure accounted for the prevalence of Vitiated Taſte, we ſhall proceed to point out the moſt effectual manner in which a natural capacity may be improved into a delicacy of judgment, and an intimate acquaintance with the BELLES LETTRES. We ſhall take it for granted that proper means have been uſed to form the manners, and attach the mind to virtue. The heart cultivated by precept, and warmed by example, improves in ſenſibility, which is the foundation of Taſte. By diſtinguiſhing the influence and ſcope of morality, and cheriſhing the ideas of benevolence, it acquires a habit of ſympathy which tenderly feels reſponſive, like the vibration of uniſons, every touch of moral beauty. Hence it is that a man of a ſocial heart, entendered by the practice of virtue, is awakened to the moſt pathetic emotions by every uncommon inſtance of generoſity, compaſſion, and greatneſs of ſoul. Is

there any man so dead to Sentiment, so lost to Humanity, as to read unmoved the generous behaviour of the Romans to the States of Greece, as it is recounted by Livy, or embellished by Thomson in his Poem of Liberty? Speaking of Greece in the decline of her power, when her freedom no longer existed, he says:

As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full-assembled youth innumerous swarm'd,
On a tribunal rais'd * FLAMINIUS sat;
A victor he from the deep Phalanx pierc'd
Of iron-coated Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game,
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd; the sudden trumpet sounding hoarse,
Bad silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald—"To the states of Greece
The Roman People, unconfin'd, restore
Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
(Like one who dreaming, between hope and fear,
Is lost in anxious joy) "Be that again,
—Be that again proclaim'd distinct and loud!"
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
Awhile severe amazement held them mute,

* His real name was QUINTUS FLAMINIUS.

Then

Then burſting broad, the boundleſs ſhout to heav'n
From many a thouſand hearts extatic ſprung!
On ev'ry hand rebellow'd to them joy;
The ſwelling ſea, the rocks and vocal hills—
—Like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other ſtraining in a ſtrict embrace,
Nor ſtrain'd a ſlave; and loud acclaims, 'till night,
Round the Proconſul's tent repeated rung.

To one acquainted with the Genius of Greece, the character and diſpoſition of that poliſhed people, admired for ſcience, renowned for an unextinguiſhable love of freedom, nothing can be more affecting than this inſtance of generous magnanimity of the Roman People, in reſtoring them, unaſked, to the full fruition of thoſe liberties which they had ſo unfortunately loſt.

THE mind of Senſibility is equally ſtruck by the generous confidence of Alexander, who drinks without heſitation the potion preſented by his phyſician Philip, even after he had received intimation that poiſon was contained in the cup: a noble and pathetic ſcene! which hath acquired new dignity and expreſſion under the inimitable pencil of a LE SUEUR. Humanity is melted into tears of tender admiration by the deportment of Henry IV. of France, while his rebellious ſubjects compelled him to form the blockade of his capital. In

chaſtiſing his enemies, he could not but remember they were his people; and knowing they were reduced to the extremity of famine, he generouſly connived at the methods practiſed to ſupply them with proviſion. Chancing one day to meet two peaſants who had been detected in theſe practices, as they were led to execution they implored his clemency, declaring in the ſight of Heaven, they had no other way to procure ſubſiſtence for their wives and children. He pardoned them on the ſpot, and, giving them all the money that was in his purſe, "Henry of Bearne is poor (ſaid he); had he more money to afford, you ſhould have it—go home to your families in peace; and remember your duty to God, and your allegiance to your Sovereign." Innumerable examples of the ſame kind may be ſelected from hiſtory, both antient and modern, the ſtudy of which we would therefore ſtrenuouſly recommend.

HISTORICAL knowledge, indeed, becomes neceſſary on many other accounts, which in its place we will explain: but as the formation of the heart is of the firſt conſequence, and ſhould precede the cultivation of the underſtanding, ſuch ſtriking inſtances of ſuperior virtue ought to be culled for the peruſal of the young pupil, who will read them with eagerneſs, and revolve them with pleaſure.

pleaſure. Thus the young mind becomes enamoured of moral beauty, and the paſſions are liſted on the ſide of humanity. Meanwhile knowledge of a different ſpecies will go hand in hand with the advances of morality, and the underſtanding be gradually extended. Virtue and ſentiment reciprocally aſſiſt each other, and both conduce to the improvement of perception. While the ſcholar's chief attention is employed in learning the Latin and Greek languages, and this is generally the taſk of childhood and early youth, it is even then the buſineſs of the Preceptor to give his mind a turn for obſervation, to direct his powers of diſcernment, to point out the diſtinguiſhing marks of character, and dwell upon the charms of moral and intellectual beauty, as they may chance to occur in the Claſſics that are uſed for his inſtruction. In reading Cornelius Nepos and Plutarch's Lives, even with a view to grammatical improvement only, he will inſenſibly imbibe and learn to compare ideas of greater importance. He will become enamoured of virtue and patriotiſm, and acquire a deteſtation for vice, cruelty, and corruption. The peruſal of the Roman ſtory in the works of Florus, Salluſt, Livy, and Tacitus, will irreſiſtibly engage his attention, expand his conception, cheriſh his memory, exerciſe his judgement, and warm him with a noble ſpirit of

emulation. He will contemplate with love and admiration the diſintereſted candour of Ariſtides, ſurnamed the Juſt, whom the guilty cabals of his rival Themiſtocles exiled from his ungrateful country by a ſentence of Oſtraciſm. He will be ſurpriſed to learn, that one of his fellow-citizens, an illiterate artiſan, bribed by his enemies, chancing to meet him in the ſtreet without knowing his perſon, deſired he would write Ariſtides on his ſhell (which was the method thoſe plebeians uſed to vote againſt delinquents), when the innocent patriot wrote his own name without complaint or expoſtulation. He will with equal aſtoniſhment applaud the inflexible integrity of Fabricius, who preferred the poverty of innocence to all the pomp of affluence with which Pyrrhus endeavoured to ſeduce him from the arms of his country. He will approve with tranſport the noble generoſity of his ſoul in rejecting the propoſal of that Prince's phyſician, who offered to take him off by poiſon; and in ſending the caitiff bound to his ſovereign, whom he would have ſo baſely and cruelly betrayed.

In reading the antient authors, even for the purpoſes of ſchool education, the unformed Taſte will begin to reliſh the irreſiſtible energy, greatneſs and ſublimity of Homer, the ſerene majeſty, the melody and pathos of Virgil, the

the tenderneſs of Sappho and Tibullus, the elegance and propriety of Terence; the grace, vivacity, ſatire, and ſentiment of Horace.

NOTHING will more conduce to the improvement of the ſcholar in his knowledge of the languages, as well as in Taſte and morality, than his being obliged to tranſlate choice parts and paſſages of the moſt approved Claſſics, both poetry and proſe, eſpecially the latter; ſuch as the orations of Demoſthenes and Iſocrates, the Treatiſe of Longinus on the Sublime, the Commentaries of Cæſar, the Epiſtles of Cicero and the Younger Pliny, and the two celebrated ſpeeches in the Catilinarian conſpiracy, by Salluſt. By this practice he will become more intimate with the beauties of the writing and the idioms of the language from which he tranſlates; at the ſame time it will form his ſtyle, and, by exerciſing his talent of expreſſion, make him a more perfect maſter of his mother tongue. Cicero tells us, that in tranſlating two orations which the moſt celebrated orators of Greece pronounced againſt each other, he performed this taſk not as a ſervile interpreter but as an orator, preſerving the ſentiments, forms, and figures of the original, but adapting the expreſſion to the taſte and manners of the Romans:— "*In quibus non verbum pro verbo neceſſe habui reddere,*

dere, sed genus omnium verborum vimque servavi;" in which I did not think it was necessary to translate literally word for word, but I preserved the natural and full scope of the whole." Of the same opinion was Horace, who says in his Art of Poetry,

" *Nec verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus Interpres*——

Nor word for word translate with painful care——

Nevertheless, in taking the liberty here granted, we are apt to run into the other extreme, and substitute equivalent thoughts and phrases, 'till hardly any features of the original remain. The metaphors of figures, especially in poetry, ought to be as religiously preserved as the images of painting, which we cannot alter or exchange without destroying, or injuring at least, the character and style of the original.

In this manner the Preceptor will sow the seeds of that Taste which will soon germinate, rise, blossom, and produce perfect fruit by dint of future care and cultivation. In order to restrain the luxuriancy of the young imagination, which is apt to run riot, to enlarge the stock of ideas, exercise the reason, and ripen the judgement, the pupil must be engaged in the severer study of Science. He must learn Geometry, which Plato recommends for

for ſtrengthening the mind, and enabling it to think with preciſion. He muſt be made acquainted with Geography and Chronology, and trace Philoſophy through all her branches. Without Geography and Chronology he will not be able to acquire a diſtinct idea of Hiſtory; nor judge of the propriety of many intereſting ſcenes, and a thouſand alluſions that preſent themſelves in the works of Genius. Nothing opens the mind ſo much as the reſearches of Philoſophy; they inſpire us with ſublime conceptions of the Creator, and ſubject, as it were, all Nature to our command. Theſe beſtow that liberal turn of thinking, and in a great meaſure contribute to that univerſality in learning by which a man of Taſte ought to be eminently diſtinguiſhed. But Hiſtory is the inexhauſtible ſource from which he will derive his moſt uſeful knowledge, reſpecting the progreſs of the human mind, the conſtitution of government, the riſe and decline of empires, the revolution of Arts, the variety of Character, and the viciſſitudes of Fortune.

THE knowledge of Hiſtory enables the Poet not only to paint characters, but alſo to deſcribe magnificent and intereſting ſcenes of battle and adventure. Not that the Poet or Painter ought to be reſtrained to the letter of hiſtorical truth. Hiſtory repre-

repreſents what has really happened in Nature; the other Arts exhibit what might have happened, with ſuch exaggeration of circumſtance and feature as may be deemed an improvement on Nature: but this exaggeration muſt not be carried beyond the bounds of probability; and theſe, generally ſpeaking, the knowledge of Hiſtory will aſcertain. It would be extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, to find a man actually exiſting, whoſe proportions ſhould anſwer to thoſe of the Greek ſtatue diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Apollo of Belvedere; or to produce a woman ſimilar in proportion of parts to the other celebrated piece called the Venus de Medicis; therefore it may be truly affirmed, that they are not conformable to the real ſtandard of Nature: nevertheleſs, every Artiſt will own that they are the very archetypes of grace, elegance, and ſymmetry; and every judging eye muſt behold them with admiration as improvements on the lines and lineaments of Nature. The truth is, the ſculptor or ſtatuary compoſed the various proportions in Nature from a great number of different ſubjects, every individual of which he found imperfect or defective in ſome one particular, though beautiful in all the reſt; and from theſe obſervations, corroborated by taſte and judgement, he formed an ideal pattern according to which his idea was modelled, and produced in execution.

EVERY body knows the ſtory of Zeuxis, the famous painter of Heraclea, who, according to Pliny, invented the *chiaro oſcuro*, or diſpoſition of light and ſhade, among the ancients, and excelled all his cotemporaries in the chromatique, or art of colouring. This great artiſt being employed to draw a perfect beauty in the character of Helen, to be placed in the Temple of Juno, culled out five of the moſt beautiful damſels the city could produce, and, ſelecting what was excellent in each, combined them in one picture according to the prediſpoſition of his fancy, ſo that it ſhone forth an amazing model of perfection*. In like manner, every man of Genius, regulated by true Taſte, entertains in his imagination an ideal beauty, conceived and cultivated as an improvement upon Nature: and this we refer to the article of Invention.

IT is the buſineſs of Art to imitate Nature, but not with a ſervile pencil; and to chuſe thoſe atti-

* Præbete quæſo, inquit, ex iſtis virginibus formoſiſſimas, dum pingo id quod pollicitus ſum vobis, ut mutum in ſimulacrum ex animali exemplo veritas transferatur. Ille autem quinque delegit. Neque enim putavit omnia quæ quærere ad venuſtatem uno in corpore ſe reperire poſſe; ideo quod nihil ſimplici in genere omnibus ex partibus perfectum natura expolivit. CIC. Lib. 2. de Inv. cap. 1.

tudes

tudes and diſpoſitions only, which are beautiful and engaging. With this view we muſt avoid all diſagreeable proſpects of Nature which excite the ideas of abhorrence and diſguſt. For example, a Painter would not find his account in exhibiting the reſemblance of a dead carcaſe half conſumed by vermin, or of ſwine wallowing in ordure, or of a beggar louſing himſelf on a dunghill, though theſe ſcenes ſhould be painted never ſo naturally, and all the world muſt allow that the ſcenes were taken from Nature, becauſe the merit of the imitation would be greatly over-balanced by the vile choice of the Artiſt. There are, nevertheleſs, many ſcenes of horror which pleaſe in the repreſentation, from a certain intereſting greatneſs which we ſhall endeavour to explain, when we come to conſider the Sublime.

WERE we to judge every production by the rigorous rules of Nature, we ſhould reject the Iliad of Homer, the Æneid of Virgil, and every celebrated tragedy of antiquity and the preſent times, becauſe there is no ſuch thing in Nature as an Hector or Turnus talking in hexameter, or an Othello in blank verſe: we ſhould condemn the Hercules of Sophocles, and the Miſer of Moliere, becauſe we never knew a hero ſo ſtrong as the one, or a wretch ſo ſordid as the other. But if we conſider

ſider Poetry as an elevation of natural dialogue, as a delightful vehicle for conveying the nobleſt ſentiments of heroiſm and patriot virtue, to regale the ſenſe with the ſounds of muſical expreſſion, while the fancy is raviſhed with enchanting images, and the heart warmed to rapture and extaſy, we muſt allow that Poetry is a perfection to which Nature would gladly aſpire; and that though it ſurpaſſes, it does not deviate from her, provided the characters are marked with propriety and ſuſtained with Genius. Characters therefore, both in Poetry and Painting, may be a little overcharged or exaggerated without offering violence to Nature; nay, they muſt be exaggerated in order to be ſtriking, and to preſerve the idea of Imitation, from whence the reader and ſpectator derive in many inſtances their chief delight. If we meet a common acquaintance in the ſtreet, we ſee him without emotion; but ſhould we chance to ſpy his portrait well executed, we are ſtruck with pleaſing admiration. In this caſe the pleaſure ariſes entirely from the Imitation. We every day hear unmoved the natives of Ireland and Scotland ſpeaking their own dialects; but ſhould an Engliſhman mimic either, we are apt to burſt out into a loud laugh of applauſe, being ſurpriſed and tickled by the Imitation alone; though, at the ſame time, we cannot but allow that the Imitation

is

is imperfect. We are more affected by reading Shakespeare's description of Dover Cliff, and Otway's Picture of the Old Hag, than we should be, were we actually placed on the summit of the one, or met in reality with such a beldame as the other; because in reading these descriptions we refer to our own experience, and perceive with surprise the justness of the Imitations. But if it is so close as to be mistaken for Nature, the pleasure then will cease, because the μίμησις or Imitation no longer appears.

ARISTOTLE says, that all Poetry and Music is Imitation *, whether epic, tragic, or comic, whether vocal or instrumental, from the pipe or the lyre. He observes, that in man there is a propensity to imitate even from his infancy; that the first perceptions of the mind are acquired by Imitation; and seems to think that the pleasure derived from Imitation is the gratification of an appetite implanted by Nature. We should rather think the pleasure it gives, arises from the mind's contemplating that excellency of Art which thus

* Εποποιέα δὴ καὶ ἡ τῆς τραγωδίας ποίησις, ἔτι δὲ κωμωδία καὶ ἡ διθυραμβοποιητικὴ, καὶ τῆς αὐλητικῆς ἡ πλείστη καὶ κιθαριστικῆς, πᾶσαι τυγχάνουσιν οὖσαι μιμήσεις το σύνολον.

rivals

rivals Nature, and ſeems to vie with her in creating ſuch a ſtriking reſemblance of her works. Thus the Arts may be juſtly termed Imitative, even in the article of Invention: for, in forming a character, contriving an incident, and deſcribing a ſcene, he muſt ſtill keep Nature in view, and refer every particular of his invention to her ſtandard; otherwiſe his production will be deſtitute of truth and probability, without which the beauties of Imitation cannot ſubſiſt. It will be a monſter of incongruity, ſuch as Horace alludes to, in the beginning of his Epiſtle to the Piſos:

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere ſi velit, & varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Deſinat in piſcem, mulier formoſa ſuperne!
Spectatum admiſſi; riſum teneatis, amici?

Suppoſe a painter to a human head
Should join a horſe's neck, and wildly ſpread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beaſts abſurdly join'd;
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waiſt with every charm array'd;
Should a foul fiſh her lower parts unfold,
Would you not laugh ſuch pictures to behold?

THE magazine of Nature ſupplies all thoſe images which compoſe the moſt beautiful Imitations.

tions. This the Artiſt examines occaſionally, as he would conſult a collection of maſterly ſketches; and, ſelecting particulars for his purpoſe, mingles the ideas with a kind of enthuſiaſm, or τὶ θειον, which is that gift of heaven we call Genius, and finally produces ſuch a whole, as commands admiration and applauſe.

ESSAY

ESSAY XV.

THE ſtudy of Polite Literature is generally ſuppoſed to include all the Liberal Arts of Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, Muſic, Eloquence, and Architecture. All theſe are founded on imitation: and all of them mutually aſſiſt and illuſtrate each other. But as Painting, Sculpture, Muſic, and Architecture, cannot be perfectly attained without long practice of manual operation, we ſhall diſtinguiſh them from Poetry and Eloquence, which depend entirely on the faculties of the mind; and on theſe laſt, as on the Arts, which immediately conſtitute the BELLES LETTRES, employ our attention in the preſent enquiry: or, if it ſhould run to a greater length than we propoſe, it ſhall be confined to Poetry alone; a ſubject that comprehends in its full extent the province of Taſte, or what is called Polite Literature; and differs eſſentially from Eloquence, both in its end and origin.

POETRY ſprung from eaſe, and was conſecrated to pleaſure; whereas Eloquence aroſe from neceſſity, and aims at conviction. When we ſay Poetry

try ſprang from eaſe, perhaps we ought to except that ſpecies of it which owed its riſe to inſpiration and enthuſiaſm, and properly belonged to the culture of religion. In the firſt ages of mankind, and even in the original ſtate of Nature, the unlettered mind muſt have been ſtruck with ſublime conceptions, with admiration and awe, by thoſe great phænomena, which, though every day repeated, can never be viewed without internal emotion. Thoſe would break forth in exclamations expreſſive of the paſſion produced, whether ſurpriſe or gratitude, terror or exultation. The riſing, the apparent courſe, the ſetting, and ſeeming renovation of the ſun; the revolution of light and darkneſs; the ſplendour, change, and circuit of the moon, and the canopy of heaven beſpangled with ſtars, muſt have produced expreſſions of wonder and adoration. "O glorious luminary! great eye of the world! ſource of that light which guides my ſteps! of that heat which warms me when chilled with cold! of that influence which chears the face of Nature! whither doſt thou retire every evening with the ſhades? Whence doſt thou ſpring every morning with renovated luſtre, and never-fading glory? Art not thou the ruler, the creator, the God, of all that I behold? I adore thee, as thy child, thy ſlave, thy ſuppliant! I crave thy protection, and the continuance

nuance of thy goodneſs! Leave me not to periſh with cold, or to wander ſolitary in utter darkneſs! Return, return, after thy wonted abſence: drive before thee the gloomy clouds that would obſcure the face of Nature. The birds begin to warble, and every animal is filled with gladneſs at thy approach: even the trees, the herbs, and the flowers, ſeem to rejoice with freſher beauties, and ſend forth a grateful incenſe to thy power, from whence their origin is derived!" A number of individuals, inſpired with the ſame ideas, would join in theſe oriſons, which would be accompanied with correſponding geſticulations of the body. They would be improved by practice, and grow regular from repetition. The ſounds and geſtures would naturally fall into meaſured cadence. Thus the ſong and dance would be produced; and a ſyſtem of worſhip being formed, the Muſe would be conſecrated to the purpoſes of religion.

HENCE thoſe forms of thankſgivings, and litanies of ſupplication, with which the religious rites of all nations, even the moſt barbarous, are at this day celebrated in every quarter of the known world. Indeed this is a circumſtance in which all nations ſurpriſingly agree, how much ſoever they may differ in every other article of

laws, cuſtoms, manners, and religion. The antient Egyptians celebrated the feſtivals of their god Apis with hymns and dances. The ſuperſtition of the Greeks, partly derived from the Egyptians, abounded with poetical ceremonies, ſuch as chorus's and hymns, ſung and danced at their apotheoſes, ſacrifices, games, and divinations. The Romans had their *carmen ſeculare*, and Salian prieſts, who, on certain feſtivals, ſung and danced through the ſtreets of Rome. The Iſraelites were famous for this kind of exultation: "And Miriam the propheteſs, the ſiſter of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand, and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances, and Miriam anſwered them, Sing ye to the Lord, &c."—"And David danced before the Lord with all his might."—The pſalms compoſed by this monarch, the ſongs of Deborah and Iſaiah, are farther confirmations of what we have advanced.

FROM the Phœnicians the Greeks borrowed the curled Orthyan ſong, when they ſacrificed their children to Diana. The Poetry of the Bards conſtituted great part of the religious ceremonies among the Gauls and Britons; and the carouſals of the Goths were religious inſtitutions, celebrated with ſongs of triumph. The Mahometan

tan Derviſe dances to the ſound of the flute, and whirls himſelf round until he grows giddy, and falls into a trance. Their Marabous compoſe hymns in praiſe of Allah. The Chineſe celebrate their grand feſtivals with proceſſions of idols, ſongs, and inſtrumental muſic. The Tartars, Samoiedes, Laplanders, Negroes, even the Caffres called Hottentots, ſolemnize their worſhip (ſuch as it is) with ſongs and dancing; ſo that we may venture to ſay, Poetry is the univerſal vehicle in which all nations have expreſſed their moſt ſublime conceptions.

POETRY was, in all appearance, previous to any concerted plan of worſhip, and to every eſtabliſhed ſyſtem of legiſlation. When certain individuals, by dint of ſuperior proweſs or underſtanding, had acquired the veneration of their fellow ſavages, and erected themſelves into divinities on the ignorance and ſuperſtition of mankind; then mythology took place, and ſuch a ſwarm of deities aroſe, as produced a religion replete with the moſt ſhocking abſurdities. Thoſe whom their ſuperior talents had deified, were found to be ſtill actuated by the moſt brutal paſſions of human nature; and, in all probability, their votaries were glad to find ſuch examples to countenance their own vicious inclinations. Thus fornication, in-

ceſt, rape, and even beſtiality, were ſanctified by the amours of Jupiter, Pan, Mars, Venus, and Apollo. Theft was patronized by Mercury; drunkenneſs by Bacchus; and cruelty by Diana. The ſame heroes and legiſlators, thoſe who delivered their country, founded cities, eſtabliſhed ſocieties, invented uſeful arts, or contributed in any eminent degree to the ſecurity and happineſs of their fellow-creatures, were inſpired by the ſame luſts and appetites which domineered among the inferior claſſes of mankind; therefore every vice incident to human nature was celebrated in the worſhip of one or other of theſe divinities; and every infirmity conſecrated by public feaſt and ſolemn ſacrifice. In theſe inſtitutions the Poet bore a principal ſhare. It was his genius that contrived the plan, that executed the form of worſhip, and recorded in verſe the origin and adventures of their gods and demi-gods. Hence the impurities and horrors of certain rites; the groves of Paphos and Baal-Peor; the orgies of Bacchus; the human ſacrifices to Moloch and Diana. Hence the theogony of Heſiod; the theology of Homer; and thoſe innumerable maxims ſcattered through the antient Poets, inviting mankind to gratify their ſenſual appetites, in imitation of the gods, who were certainly the beſt judges of happineſs. It is well known, that

Plato

Plato expelled Homer from his commonwealth, on account of the infamous characters by which he hath diſtinguiſhed his deities; as well as for ſome depraved ſentiments which he found diffuſed through the courſe of the Iliad and Odyſſey. Cicero enters into the ſpirit of Plato, and exclaims in his firſt book *De Natura Deorum*, *Nec multa abſurdiora ſunt ea, quæ, poetarum vocibus fuſa, ipſa ſuavitate nocuerunt: qui, & ira inflammatos, & libidine furentes, induxerunt Deos, feceruntque ut eorum bella, pugnas, prælia, vulnera videremus: odia præterea, discidia, discessiones, ortus, interitus, querelas, lamentationes, effusas in omni intemperantiâ libidines, adulteria, vincula, cum humano genere concubitus, mortaleſque ex immortali procreatos.* "Nor are thoſe things much more abſurd which, flowing from the Poet's tongue, have done miſchief even by the ſweetneſs of his expreſſion. The Poets have introduced gods inflamed with anger and enraged with luſt; and even produced before our eyes their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. They have expoſed beſides, their antipathies, animoſities, and diſſenſions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites, indulged to all manner of exceſs, their adul-

teries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human ſpecies; and from immortal parents derived a mortal offſpring."

As the feſtivals of the gods neceſſarily produced good cheer, which was often carried to riot and debauchery, mirth of conſequence prevailed; and this was always attended with buffoonery. Taunts and jokes, and raillery and repartee, would neceſſarily enſue; and individuals would contend for the victory in wit and genius. Theſe conteſts would in time be reduced to ſome regulations, for the entertainment of the people thus aſſembled, and ſome prize would be decreed to him who was judged to excel his rivals. The candidates for fame and profit being thus ſtimulated, would taſk their talents, and naturally recommend theſe alternate recriminations to the audience, by clothing them with a kind of poetical meaſure, which ſhould bear a near reſemblance to proſe. Thus, as the ſolemn ſervice of the day was compoſed in the moſt ſublime ſpecies of Poetry, ſuch as the ode or hymn, the ſubſequent altercation was carried on in Iambics, and gave riſe to Satire. We are told by the Stagyrite, that the higheſt ſpecies of Poetry was employed in celebrating great actions; but the humbler ſort uſed in this kind of con-

contention * ; and that in the ages of antiquity there were some bards that professed Heroics, and some that pretended to Iambics only. Οἱ μὲν τραϊκῶν, οἱ δὲ ἰάμβων ποιηται.

To these rude beginnings we not only owe the birth of Satire, but likewise the origin of Dramatic Poetry. Tragedy herself, which afterwards attained to such dignity as to rival the Epic Muse, was at first no other than a trial of Crambo, or Iambics, between two peasants, and a goat was the prize, as Horace calls it, *vile certamen ob hircum*; "a mean contest for a he-goat." Hence the name τραγωδία, signifying the goat-song, from τραγος *hircus*, and ᾠδη *carmen*.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, & asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod
Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus & exlex. HOR.

The tragic bard, a goat his humble prize,
Bade satyrs naked and uncouth arise;
His muse severe, secure and undismay'd,
The rustic joke in solemn strain convey'd;
For novelty alone he knew could charm
A lawless croud, with wine and feasting warm.

* Οἱ μεν γαρ σεμνότεροί, τας καλας εμιμουντο πραξεις ——οἱ δὲ ευτελεστεροι, τας των φαυλων, πρῶτον ψόγους ποιουντες.

SATIRE then was originally a clowniſh dialogue in looſe Iambics, ſo called becauſe the actors were diſguiſed like ſatyrs, who not only recited the praiſes of Bacchus, or ſome other deity, but interſperſed their hymns with ſarcaſtic jokes and altercation. Of this kind is the *Cyclop* of Euripides, in which Ulyſſes is the principal actor. The Romans alſo had their *Atellanæ* or interludes of the ſame nature, ſo called from the city of *Atella*, where they were firſt acted: but theſe were highly poliſhed in compariſon of the original entertainment, which was altogether rude and indecent. Indeed the *Cyclop* itſelf, though compoſed by the accompliſhed Euripides, abounds with ſuch impurity, as ought not to appear on the ſtage of any civilized nation.

IT is very remarkable, that the *Atellanæ*, which were in effect tragi-comedies, grew into ſuch eſteem among the Romans, that the performers in theſe pieces enjoyed ſeveral privileges which were refuſed to the ordinary actors. They were not obliged to unmaſk, like the other players, when their action was diſagreeable to the audience. They were admitted into the army, and enjoyed the privileges of free citizens, without incurring that diſgrace which was affixed to the characters

of

of other actors *. The Poet Laberius, who was of equeſtrian order, being preſſed by Julius Cæſar to act a part in his own performance, complied with great reluctance, and complained of the diſhonour he had incurred, in his prologue preſerved by Macrobius, which is one of the moſt elegant morſels of antiquity.

TRAGEDY and Comedy flowed from the ſame fountain, though their ſtreams were ſoon divided. The ſame entertainment which, under the name of *Tragedy*, was rudely exhibited by clowns, for the prize of a goat, near ſome rural altar of Bacchus, aſſumed the appellation of *Comedy* when it was transferred into cities, and repreſented with a little more decorum in a cart or waggon, that ſtrolled from ſtreet to ſtreet, as the name κωμῳδία implies, being derived from κωμη a ſtreet, and ωδη a poem. To this origin Horace alludes in theſe lines :

Dicitur, & plauſtris vexiſſe poemata Theſpis,
Quæ canerent agerentque, perunctis fæcibus ora.

Theſpis, inventor of Dramatic art,
Convey'd his vagrant actors in a cart :

* Cum artem ludicram, ſcenamque totam probro ducerent, genus id hominum non modo honore civium reliquorum carere, ſed etiam tribu moveri notatione cenſoria voluerunt. *Cic. apud S. Aug. de Civit. Dei.*

High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and ſung, with lees of wine beſmear'd.

THESPIS is called the inventor of the Dramatic Art, becauſe he raiſed the ſubject from clowniſh altercation to the character and exploits of ſome hero: he improved the language and verſification, and relieved the Chorus by the dialogue of two actors. This was the firſt advance towards that conſummation of Genius and Art which conſtitutes what is now called a perfect Tragedy. The next great improver was Æſchylus, of whom the ſame critic ſays,

Poſt hunc perſonæ pallæque repertor honeſtæ
Æſchylus & modicis inſtravit pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

Then Æſchylus a decent vizard us'd;
Built a low ſtage; the flowing robe diffus'd:
In language more ſublime two actors rage,
And in the graceful buſkin tread the ſtage.

THE dialogue which Theſpis introduced was called the *Epiſode*, becauſe it was an addition to the former ſubject, namely, the praiſes of Bacchus; ſo that now Tragedy conſiſted of two diſtinct parts, independent of each other; the old *Recitative*, which was the *Chorus*, ſung in honour of the gods; and the *Epiſode*, which turned upon the

the adventures of ſome hero. This Epiſode being found very agreeable to the people, Æſchylus, who lived about half a century after Theſpis, ſtill improved the drama, united the chorus to the epiſode ſo as to make them both parts or members of one fable, multiplied the actors, contrived the ſtage, and introduced the decorations of the theatre; ſo that Sophocles, who ſucceeded Æſchylus, had but one ſtep to ſurmount in order to bring the drama to perfection. Thus Tragedy was gradually detached from its original inſtitution, which was entirely religious. The prieſts of Bacchus loudly complained of this innovation by means of the Epiſode, which was foreign to the intention of the Chorus; and hence aroſe the proverb of *Nihil ad Dionyſium*, "nothing to the purpoſe." Plutarch himſelf mentions the Epiſode as a perverſion of tragedy, from the honour of the Gods to the paſſions of men: but, notwithſtanding all oppoſition, the new Tragedy ſucceeded to admiration; becauſe it was found the moſt pleaſing vehicle of conveying moral truths, of meliorating the heart, and extending the intereſts of humanity.

COMEDY, according to Ariſtotle, is the younger ſiſter of Tragedy. As the firſt originally turned upon the praiſes of the gods, the latter

dwelt on the follies and vices of mankind. Such, we mean, was the ſcope of that ſpecies of Poetry which acquired the name of Comedy, in contradiſtinction to the Tragic Muſe; for in the beginning they were the ſame. The foundation upon whcih Comedy was built we have alread yexplained tobe the practice of ſatirical repartee or altercation, in which individuals expoſed the follies and frailties of each other on public occaſions of worſhip and feſtivity.

THE firſt regular plan of Comedy is ſaid to have been the *Margites* of Homer, expoſing the idleneſs and folly of a worthleſs character; but of this performance we have no remains. That diviſion which is termed the *Antient Comedy*, belongs to the labours of Eupolis, Cratinus, and Ariſtophanes, who were cotemporaries, and flouriſhed at Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Chriſtian æra. Such was the licence of the Muſe at this period, that, far from laſhing vice in general characters, ſhe boldly exhibited the exact portrait of every individual who had rendered himſelf remarkable or notorious by his crimes, folly, and debauchery. She aſſumed every circumſtance of his external appearance, his very attire, air, manner, and even his name; according to the obſervation of Horace,

——————*Poetæ*

——————————Poetæ
————quorum Comœdia prisca virorum est:
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.

The Comic Poets, in its earliest age,
Who form'd the manners of the Grecian stage—
Was there a villain who might justly claim
A better right of being damn'd to fame,
Rake, cut-throat, thief, whatever was his crime,
They boldly stigmatis'd the wretch in rhime.

Eupolis is said to have satirized Alcibiades in this manner, and to have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of that powerful Athenian: but others say he was drowned in the Hellespont, during a war against the Lacedemonians; and that, in consequence of this accident, the Athenians passed a decree, that no Poet should ever bear arms.

The Comedies of Cratinus are recommended by Quintilian for their eloquence; and Plutarch tells us, that even Pericles himself could not escape the censure of this Poet.

Aristophanes, of whom there are eleven Comedies still extant, enjoyed such a pre-eminence of reputation, that the Athenians, by a public decree, honoured him with a crown made

made of a conſecrated olive-tree, which grew in the citadel, for his care and ſucceſs in detecting and expoſing the vices of thoſe who governed the commonwealth. Yet this Poet, whether impelled by mere wantonneſs of genius, or actuated by malice and envy, could not refrain from employing the ſhafts of his ridicule againſt Socrates, the moſt venerable character of Pagan antiquity. In the Comedy of The Clouds, this virtuous Philoſopher was exhibited on the ſtage under his own name, in a cloak exactly reſembling that which Socrates wore, in a maſk modelled from his features, diſputing publickly on the nature of right and wrong. This was undoubtedly an inſtance of the moſt flagrant licentiouſneſs; and what renders it the more extraordinary, the audience received it with great applauſe, even while Socrates himſelf ſat publickly in the theatre. The truth is, the Athenians were ſo fond of ridicule, that they reliſhed it even when employed againſt the gods themſelves, ſome of whoſe characters were very roughly handled by Ariſtophanes and his rivals in reputation.

We might here draw a parallel between the inhabitants of Athens and the natives of England, in point of conſtitution, genius, and diſpoſition. Athens was a free ſtate like England, that piqued itſelf

itſelf upon the influence of the democracy. Like England, its wealth and ſtrength depended upon its maritime power; and it generally acted as umpire in the diſputes that aroſe among its neighbours. The people of Athens, like thoſe of England, were remarkably ingenious, and made great progreſs in the Arts and Sciences. They excelled in Poetry, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Mechanics, and Manufactures; they were acute, diſcerning, diſputatious, fickle, wavering, raſh, and combuſtible, and, above all other nations in Europe, addicted to ridicule; a character which the Engliſh inherit in a very remarkable degree.

If we may judge from the writings of Ariſtophanes, his chief aim was to gratify the ſpleen and excite the mirth of his audience; of an audience too that would ſeem to have been uninformed by Taſte, and altogether ignorant of decorum; for his pieces are replete with the moſt extravagant abſurdities, virulent ſlander, impiety, impurities, and low buffoonery. The Comic Muſe, not contented with being allowed to make free with the gods and philoſophers, applied her ſcourge ſo ſeverely to the magiſtrates of the commonwealth, that it was thought proper to reſtrain her within bounds by a law, enacting, that no perſon ſhould be

be ſtigmatiſed under his real name; and thus the Chorus was ſilenced. In order to elude the penalty of this law, and gratify the Taſte of the people, the Poets began to ſubſtitute fictitious names, under which they exhibited particular characters in ſuch lively colours, that the reſemblance could not poſſibly be miſtaken or overlooked. This practice gave riſe to what is called the *Middle Comedy*, which was but of ſhort duration: for the legiſlature, perceiving that the firſt law had not removed the grievance againſt which it was provided, iſſued a ſecond ordinance, forbidding, under ſevere penalties, any real or family-occurrences to be repreſented. This reſtriction was the immediate cauſe of improving Comedy into a general mirror, held forth to reflect the various follies and foibles incident to Human Nature; a ſpecies of writing called the *New Comedy*, introduced by Diphilus and Menander, of whoſe works nothing but a few fragments remain.

ESSAY

ESSAY XVI.

HAVING communicated our ſentiments touching the origin of Poetry, by tracing Tragedy and Comedy to their common ſource, we ſhall now endeavour to point out the criteria, by which Poetry is diſtinguiſhed from every other ſpecies of writing. In common with other Arts, ſuch as ſtatuary and painting, it comprehends imitation, invention, compoſition, and enthuſiaſm. Imitation is, indeed, the baſis of all the liberal Arts: Invention and Enthuſiaſm conſtitute Genius, in whatever manner it may be diſplayed. Eloquence of all ſorts admits of Enthuſiaſm. Tully ſays, an orator ſhould be *vehemens ut procella, excitatus ut torrens, incenſus ut fulmen; tonat, fulgurat, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus cuncta proruit et proturbat.* "Violent as a tempeſt, impetuous as a torrent, and glowing intenſe like the red bolt of heaven, he thunders, lightens, overthrows, and bears down all before him, by the

the irreſiſtible tide of Eloquence." This is the *mens divinior atque os magna ſonaturum* of Horace. This is the talent,

——*Meum qui pectus inaniter angit,*
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,
Ut magus.

With paſſions not my own who fires my heart;
Who with unreal terrors fills my breaſt,
As with a magic influence poſſeſt.

We are told, that Michael Angelo Buonaroti uſed to work at his ſtatues in a fit of enthuſiaſm, during which he made the fragments of the ſtone fly about him with ſurpriſing violence. The celebrated Lully being one day blamed for ſetting nothing to muſic but the languid verſes of Quinault, was animated with the reproach, and running in a fit of enthuſiaſm to his harpſichord, ſung in recitative and accompanied four pathetic lines from the Iphigenia of Racine with ſuch expreſſion, as filled the hearers with aſtoniſhment and horror.

THOUGH Verſification be one of the criteria that diſtinguiſh Poetry from Proſe, yet it is not the ſole mark of diſtinction. Were the Hiſtories of Polybius and Livy ſimply turned into Verſe, they would not become Poems; becauſe they would be

be deſtitute of thoſe figures, embelliſhments, and flights of imagination, which diſplay the Poet's Art and Invention. On the other hand, we have many productions that juſtly lay claim to the title of Poetry, without having the advantage of Verſification; witneſs the Pſalms of David, the Song of Solomon, with many beautiful hymns, deſcriptions, and rhapſodies, to be found in different parts of the Old Teſtament; ſome of them the immediate production of divine inſpiration: witneſs the Celtic fragments which have lately appeared in the Engliſh language, and are certainly replete with poetical merit. But though good verſification alone will not conſtitute Poetry, bad verſification alone will certainly degrade and render diſguſtful the ſublimeſt ſentiments and fineſt flowers of imagination. This humiliating power of bad Verſe appears in many tranſlations of the antient Poets; in Ogilby's Homer, Trapp's Virgil, and frequently in Creech's Horace. This laſt, indeed, is not wholly devoid of ſpirit, but it ſeldom riſes above mediocrity; and as Horace ſays,

——*Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non homines, non Dî, non conceſſere columnæ.

But God and man and letter'd poſt denies.
That Poets ever are of middling ſize.

How

How is that beautiful Ode beginning with "*Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum*," chilled and tamed by the following tranſlation:

He who by principle is ſway'd,
In truth and juſtice ſtill the ſame,
Is neither of the crowd afraid,
Tho' civil broils the ſtate inflame;
Nor to a haughty tyrant's frown will ſtoop,
Nor to a raging ſtorm, when all the winds are up.

Should Nature with convulſions ſhake,
Struck with the fiery bolts of Jove,
The final doom and dreadful crack
Cannot his conſtant courage move.

That long Alexandrine—"Nor to a raging ſtorm, when all the winds are up," is drawling, feeble, ſwoln with a pleonaſm or tautology, as well as deficient in the rhyme; and as for "the dreadful crack" in the next ſtanza, inſtead of exciting terror, it conveys a low and ludicrous idea. How much more elegant and energetic is this paraphraſe of the ſame Ode, inſerted in one of the volumes of Hume's Hiſtory of England?

The man whoſe mind, on virtue bent,
Purſues ſome greatly good intent
With undiverted aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamours fierce and loud
His ſtubborn honour tame.

Nor

Nor the proud tyrant's fierceſt threat,
Nor ſtorms that from their dark retreat
The lawleſs ſurges wake;
Nor Jove's dread bolt that ſhakes the pole,
The firmer purpoſe of his ſoul
With all its power can ſhake.

Should Nature's frame in ruins fall,
And Chaos o'er the ſinking ball
Reſume primæval ſway,
His courage chance and fate defies,
Nor feels the wreck of earth and ſkies
Obſtruct its deſtin'd way.

If Poetry exiſts independent of verſification, it will naturally be aſked, how then is it to be diſtinguiſhed? Undoubtedly, by its own peculiar expreſſion: it has a language of its own, which ſpeaks ſo feelingly to the heart, and ſo pleaſingly to the imagination, that its meaning cannot poſſibly be miſunderſtood by any perſon of delicate ſenſations. It is a ſpecies of painting with words, in which the figures are happily conceived, ingeniouſly arranged, affectingly expreſſed, and recommended with all the warmth and harmony of colouring: it conſiſts of imagery, deſcription, metaphors, ſimiles, and ſentiments, adapted with propriety to the ſubject, ſo contrived and executed as to ſooth the ear, ſurpriſe and delight the fancy,

mend

mend and melt the heart, elevate the mind, and pleaſe the underſtanding. According to Flaccus,

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare poëtæ;
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
And with th'amuſing ſhew the inſtructive join'd—

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Profit and pleaſure mingled thus with Art,
To ſooth the fancy and improve the heart.—

TROPES and figures are likewiſe liberally uſed in Rhetoric; and ſome of the moſt celebrated orators have owned themſelves much indebted to the Poets. Theophraſtus expreſsly recommends the Poets for this purpoſe. From their ſource the ſpirit and energy, the pathetic, the ſublime, and the beautiful, are derived *. But theſe figures muſt be more ſparingly uſed in Rhetoric than in Poetry, and even then mingled with argumentation, and a detail of facts altogether different from Poetical narration. The Poet, inſtead of ſimply

* Namque ab his (ſcilicet poetis) et in rebus ſpiritus, et in verbis ublimitas, et in affectibus motus omnis, et in perſonis decor petitur. QUINTILIAN, l. x.

relating

relating the incident, ſtrikes off a glowing picture of the ſcene, and exhibits it in the moſt lively colours to the eye of the imagination. "It is reported that Homer was blind (ſays Tully in his Tuſculan Queſtions), yet his Poetry is no other than Painting. What country, what climate, what ideas, battles, commotions, and conteſts of men, as well as of wild beaſts, has he not painted in ſuch a manner as to bring before our eyes thoſe very ſcenes which he himſelf could not behold * ?" We cannot, therefore, ſubſcribe to the opinion of ſome ingenious critics, who have blamed Mr. Pope for deviating in ſome inſtances from the ſimplicity of Homer, in his tranſlation of the Iliad and Odyſſey. For example, the Grecian bard ſays ſimply, the ſun roſe; and his Tranſlator gives us a beautiful picture of the ſun riſing. Homer mentions a perſon who played upon the lyre; the Tranſlator ſets him before us warbling to the ſilver ſtrings. If this be a deviation, it is at the ſame time an improvement. Homer himſelf, as Cicero obſerves above, is full of this kind of painting, and particularly fond of deſcription, even in ſituations where the action ſeems to require haſte. Neptune, obſerving from Samothrace

* Quæ regio, quæ ora, quæ ſpecies formæ, quæ pugna, qui malus hominum, qui ferarum, non ita expictus eſt, ut quæ ipſe non viderit, nos ut videremus, effecerit?

the

the discomfiture of the Grecians before Troy, flies to their assistance, and might have been wafted thither in half a line: but the bard describes him, first, descending the mountain on which he sat; secondly, striding towards his palace at Ægæ, and yoking his horses; thirdly, he describes him putting on his armour; and lastly, ascending his car, and driving along the surface of the sea. Far from being disgusted by these delays, we are delighted with the particulars of the description. Nothing can be more sublime than the circumstance of the mountain's trembling beneath the footsteps of an immortal,

—— Τρέμε δ' ὑρεα μακρὰ και ὕλη
Ποσσὶν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι Ποσειδάωνος ἰοντος.

But his passage to the Grecian fleet is altogether transporting.

Βῆ δ' ἰλάων ἐπι κύματ' &c.

He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
He sits superior, and the chariot flies;
His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep:
Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
Gambol around him on the watery way,
And heavy whales in aukward measures play:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
Exults and crowns the monarch of the main:
The parting waves before his coursers fly:
The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.—

WITH great veneration for the memory of Mr. Pope, we cannot help objecting to some lines of this translation We have no idea of the sea's exulting and crowning Neptune, after it had subsided into a level plain. There is no such image in the original. Homer says, the whales exulted, and knew or owned their king; and that the sea parted with joy: γηθοσύνη δὲ θαλασσα διίστατο. Neither is there a word of the wondering waters: we, therefore, think the lines might be thus altered to advantage.

They knew and own'd the monarch of the main:
The sea subsiding spreads a level plain:
The curling waves before his coursers fly:
The parting surface leaves his brazen axle dry.

BESIDES the metaphors, similes, and allusions of Poetry, there is an infinite variety of tropes, or turns of expression, occasionally disseminated through works of Genius, which serve to animate the whole, and distinguish the glowing effusions of real inspiration from the cold efforts of mere Science. These tropes consist of a certain happy choice and arrangement of words, by which ideas are artfully disclosed in a great variety of attitudes; of epithets, and compound epithets; of sounds collected in order to echo the sense conveyed; of apostrophes; and above all, the enchanting use

of the profopopœia, which is a kind of magic, by which the Poet gives life and motion to every inanimate part of Nature. Homer, defcribing the wrath of Agamemnon, in the firſt book of the Iliad, ſtrikes off a glowing image in two words:

—— ὅσσε δ' οἱ πυρὶ λαμπετόωντι ἐΐκτην.

—And from his eye-balls *flaſh'd the living fire.*

This, indeed, is a figure which has been copied by Virgil, and almoſt all the Poets of every age—*oculis* micat *acribus ignis*—igneſcunt iræ : *auris dolor oſſibus* ardet. Milton deſcribing Satan in Hell, ſays,

With head uplift above the wave, and eye
That *ſparkling blaz'd !*—

—He ſpake : and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty cherubims. The ſudden *blaze*
Far round *illumin'd* Hell—

THERE are certain words in every language particularly adapted to Poetical expreſſion ; ſome from the image or idea they convey to the imagination ; and ſome from the effect they have upon the ear. The firſt are truly *figurative* ; the others may be called *emphatical.*—Rollin obſerves, that

that Virgil has upon many occaſions Poetized (if we may be allowed the expreſſion) a whole ſentence by means of the ſame word, which is *pendere*.

Ite meæ, felix quondam pecus, ite capellæ.
Non ego vos poſthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumoſa pendere procul de rupe videbo.

At eaſe reclin'd beneath the verdant ſhade,
No more ſhall I behold my happy flock
Aloft *hang* brouzing on the tufted rock.

Here the word *pendere* wonderfully improves the landſcape, and renders the whole paſſage beautifully pictureſque. The ſame figurative verb we meet with in many different parts of the Æneid.

Hi ſummo in fluctu pendent, *his unda* dehiſcens
Terram inter fluctus aperit.

Theſe on the mountain billow *hung*: to thoſe
The *yawning waves* the yellow ſand diſcloſe.

In this inſtance, the words *pendent* and *dehiſcens*, *hung* and *yawning*, are equally Poetical. Addiſon ſeems to have had this paſſage in his eye, when he wrote his Hymn which is inſerted in the Spectator:

—For though in dreadful whirls we *hung*,
High on the broken wave.

And in another piece of a like nature, in the ſame collection:

Thy Providence my life ſuſtain'd
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And *hung* upon the breaſt.

Shakeſpeare, in his admired deſcription of Dover cliff, uſes the ſame expreſſion:

—half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire, dreadful trade!

NOTHING can be more beautiful than the following picture, in which Milton hath introduced the ſame expreſſive tint:

—he, on his ſide,
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd——

WE ſhall give one example more from Virgil, to ſhew in what a variety of ſcenes it may appear with propriety and effect. In deſcribing the progreſs of Dido's paſſion for Æneas, the Poet ſays,

Iliacos iterum demens audire labores
Expoſcit, pendetque *iterum narrantis ab ore*.

The woes of Troy once more ſhe begg'd to hear;
Once more the mournful tale employ'd his tongue,
While in fond rapture on his lips ſhe *hung*.

THE

THE reader will perceive in all these instances, that no other word could be substituted with equal energy; indeed, no other word could be used without degrading the sense, and defacing the image.

THERE are many other verbs of Poetical import, fetched from Nature and from Art, which the Poet uses to advantage both in a literal and metaphorical sense; and these have been always translated for the same purpose from one language to another: such as *quassо*, *concutio*, *cio*, *suscito*, *lenio*, *sævio*, *mano*, *fluo*, *ardeo*, *mico*, *aro*, to shake, to wake, to rouse, to soothe, to rage, to flow, to shine or blaze, to plough.—Quassantia *tectum limina Æneas*, *casu* concussus *acerbo*—*Ære* ciere *viros*, *martemque accendere cantu*—*Æneas acuit martem & se* suscitat *ira*—*Impium* lenite *clamorem*. Lenibant *curas*—*Ne* sævi *magna sacerdos*—*Sudor ad imos* manabat *solos*—*Suspensæque diu lachrymæ* fluxere *per ora*—*Juvenali* ardebat *amore*—Micat *æreus ensis*—*Nullum maris æquor* arandum. It will be unnecessary to insert examples of the same nature from the English Poets.

THE words we term *emphatical*, are such as by their sound express the sense they are intended

to convey; and with these the Greek abounds, above all other languages, not only from its natural copiousness, flexibility, and significance, but also from the variety of its Dialects, which enables a writer to vary his terminations occasionally as the nature of the subject requires, without offending the most delicate ear, or incurring the imputation of adopting vulgar provincial expressions. Every smatterer in Greek can repeat

Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης,

in which the two last words wonderfully echo to the sense, conveying the idea of the sea dashing on the shore. How much more significant in sound than that beautiful image of Shakespeare—

"The sea that on th' unnumber'd pebbles beats."

And yet, if we consider the strictness of propriety, this last expression would seem to have been selected on purpose to concur with the other circumstances which are brought together to ascertain the vast height of Dover cliff: for the Poet adds, 'cannot be heard so high.' The place where Gloster stood was so high above the surface of the sea, that the φλοισβος, or *dashing*, could not be heard; and therefore an enthusiastic admirer of Shakespeare might with some plausibility affirm, the Poet had chosen an expression in which that sound is not at all conveyed.

In

In the very ſame page of Homer's Iliad, we meet with two other ſtriking inſtances of the ſame ſort of beauty. Apollo, incenſed at the inſults his prieſt had ſuſtained, deſcends from the top of Olympus, with his bow and quiver rattling on his ſhoulder as he moved along:

Ἔκλαγξαν δ' ἄρ' ὀϊστοὶ ἐπ' ὤμων.

Here the ſound of the word Ἔκλαγξαν admirably expreſſes the clanking of armour; as the third line after this ſurpriſingly imitates the twanging of a bow.

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

In ſhrill ton'd murmurs ſung the twanging bow.

Many beauties of the ſame kind are ſcattered through Homer, Pindar, and Theocritus, ſuch as the βομβεῦσα μελισσα, *ſuſurrans apicula*; the ἁδὺ ψιθύρισμα, *dulcem ſuſurrum*; and the μελισδεται for the ſighing of the pine.

The Latin language teems with ſounds adapted to every ſitu tion, and the Engliſh is not deſtitute of this ſignificant energy. We have the *cooing* turtle, the *ſighing* reed, the *warbling* rivulet, the *ſliding* ſtream, the *whiſpering* breeze, the glance, the gleam, the flaſh, the *bickering* flame, the

daſhing wave, the *guſhing* ſpring, the *howling* blaſt, the *rattling* ſtorm, the *pattering* ſhower, the *crimp* earth, the *mould ring* tower, the *twanging* bow-ſtring, the *clanging* arms, the *clanking* chains, the *twinkling* ſtars, the *tinkling* chords, the *trickling* drops, the *twittering* ſwallow, the *cawing* rook, the *ſcreeching* owl; and a thouſand other words and epithets wonderfully ſuited to the ſenſe they imply.

AMONG the ſelect paſſages of Poetry which we ſhall inſert by way of illuſtration, the reader will find inſtances of all the different tropes and figures, which the beſt authors have adopted in the variety of their Poetical works, as well as of the apoſtrophe, abrupt tranſition, repetition, and proſopopœia.

IN the mean time, it will be neceſſary ſtill further to analyſe thoſe principles which conſtitute the eſſence of Poetical merit; to diſplay thoſe delightful parterres that teem with the faireſt flowers of imagination, and diſtinguiſh between the gaudy offspring of a cold inſipid fancy, and the glowing progeny, diffuſing ſweets, produced and invigorated by the Sun of Genius.

ESSAY XVII.

OF all the implements of Poetry, the Metaphor is the moſt generally and ſucceſsfully uſed, and indeed may be termed the Muſe's Caduceus, by the power of which ſhe enchants all Nature. The Metaphor is a ſhorter ſimile, or rather a kind of magical coat, by which the ſame idea aſſumes a thouſand different appearances. Thus the word *plough*, which originally belongs to agriculture, being metaphorically uſed, repreſents the motion of a ſhip at ſea, and the effects of old age upon the human countenance--

—Plough'd the boſom of the deep—
And time had plough'd his venerable front.

ALMOST every verb, noun ſubſtantive, or term of art in any language, may be in this manner applied to a variety of ſubjects with admirable effect; but the danger is in ſowing metaphors too thick, ſo as to diſtract the imagination of the reader, and incur the imputation of deſerting Na-

ture, in order to hunt after conceits. Every day produces Poems of all kinds so inflated with metaphor, that they may be compared to the gaudy bubbles blown up from a solution of soap. Longinus is of opinion, that a multitude of metaphors is never excusable; except in those cases when the passions are roused, and, like a winter torrent, rush down impetuous, sweeping them with collective force along. He brings an instance of the following quotation from Demosthenes. "Men! (says he) profligates, miscreants, and flatterers, who, having severally preyed upon the bowels of their country, at length betrayed her liberty, first to Philip, and now again to Alexander; who, placing the chief felicity of life in the indulgence of infamous lusts and appetites, overturned in the dust that freedom and independence, which was the chief aim and end of all our worthy ancestors——*."

ARISTOTLE and Theophrastus seem to think it is rather too bold and hazardous to use metaphors

* "Ανθρωποι, φησι, μιαροι, και ἀλάστορες, και κόλακες, ἀκροωτηριασμένοι τὰς ἑαυτων ἕκαστοι πατρίδας, την ελευθεριαν προπεπωκάτες, πρωτερον Φιλίππω, νυν δ'Αλεξάνδρω, τῆ γαστρὶ μετρέντες και τοις αισχίστοις την ευδαιμονίαν, την δ'ελευθεριαν, και το μηδένα ἔχειν δεσπότην αὐτῶν, ἃ τοῖς πρωτεροις, Ελλησιν ὅροι τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἦσαν και κανονες, &c. &c."

so

so freely, without interposing some mitigating phrase; such as, "if I may be allowed the expression," or some equivalent excuse. At the same time, Longinus finds fault with Plato for hazarding some metaphors which indeed appear to be equally affected and extravagant, when he says, "the government of a state should not resemble a bowl of hot fermenting wine, but a cool and moderate beverage, *chastised by the sober deity*"—a metaphor that signifies nothing more than "mixed or lowered with water." Demetrius Phalereus justly observes, that though a judicious use of metaphors wonderfully raises, sublimes, and adorns oratory or elocution; yet they should seem to flow naturally from the subject; and too great a redundancy of them inflates the discourse to a mere rhapsody. The same observation will hold in Poetry; and the more liberal or sparing use of them will depend in a great measure on the nature of the subject.

PASSION itself is very figurative, and often bursts out into metaphors; but, in touching the pathos, the Poet must be perfectly well acquainted with the emotions of the human soul, and carefully distinguish between those metaphors which rise glowing from the heart, and those cold conceits which are ingendered in the fancy. Should one of these

laſt unfortunately intervene, it will be apt to deſtroy the whole effect of the moſt pathetical incident or ſituation. Indeed it requires the moſt delicate Taſte, and a conſummate knowledge of propriety, to employ metaphors in ſuch a manner, as to avoid what the Antients called the τὸ ψυχρὸν, the *frigid*, or falſe ſublime. Inſtances of this kind were frequent even among the correct Antients. Sappho herſelf is blamed for uſing the hyperbole λευκοτεροι χιόνος, *whiter than ſnow*. Demetrius is ſo nice as to be diſguſted at the ſimile of *ſwift as the wind*; though, in ſpeaking of a race-horſe, we know from experience that this is not even an hyperbole. He would have had more reaſon to cenſure that kind of metaphor which Ariſtotle ſtiles κατ' ἐνέργειαν, exhibiting things inanimate as endued with ſenſe and reaſon; ſuch as that of the ſharp-pointed arrow *eager* to take wing among the crowd. "Ο ξυβελὴς καθ' ὅμιλον επιπτέσθαι μενεαίνων." Not but that in deſcriptive Poetry this figure is often allowed and admired. The *cruel* ſword, the *ruthleſs* dagger, the *ruffian* blaſt, are epithets which frequently occur. The *faithful* boſom of the earth; the *joyous* boughs; the trees that *admire their images* reflected in the ſtream; and many other examples of this kind, are found diſſeminated through the works of our beſt modern Poets: yet ſtill they muſt be ſheltered under the privilege

privilege of the *poetica licentia*; and, except in Poetry, they would give offence.

More chaſte metaphors are freely uſed in all kinds of writing; more ſparingly in Hiſtory, and more abundantly in Rhetoric: we have ſeen that Plato indulges them even to exceſs. The orations of Demoſthenes are animated, and even inflamed with metaphors, ſome of them ſo bold as even to entail upon him the cenſure of the critics. Τότε τῷ Πυθωνι τῳ ῥητορι ῥέοντι καθ' ὑμῶν---"then I did not yield to Python the orator, when he *overflowed* you with a tide of eloquence." Cicero is ſtill more liberal in the uſe of them; he ranſacks all nature, and pours forth a redundancy of figures, even with a laviſh hand. Even the chaſte Xenophon, who generally illuſtrates his ſubject by way of ſimile, ſometimes ventures to produce an expreſſive metaphor, ſuch as "part of the phalanx *fluctuated* in the march; and indeed nothing can be more ſignificant than this word ἐξεκύμηνε, to repreſent a body of men ſtaggered, and on the point of giving way. Armſtrong has uſed the word *fluctuate* with admirable efficacy, in his Philoſophical Poem entituled *The Art of Preſerving Health.*

O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The ſounding foreſt *fluctuates* in the ſtorm,
To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
Howl o'er the ſteady battlements——

THE word *fluctuate* on this occaſion not only exhibits an idea of ſtruggling, but alſo echoes to the ſenſe, like the εφριξεν δε μαχη of Homer; which, by the bye, it is impoſſible to render into Engliſh: for the verb φρισσω ſignifies not only to ſtand erect like prickles, as a grove of lances, but alſo to make a noiſe like the craſhing of armour, the hiſſing of javelins, and the ſplinters of ſpears.

OVER and above an exceſs of Figures, a young author is apt to run into a confuſion of mixed metaphors, which leave the ſenſe disjointed, and diſtract the imagination: Shakeſpeare himſelf is often guilty of theſe irregularities. The Soliloquy in Hamlet, which we have ſo often heard extolled in terms of admiration, is, in our opinion, a heap of abſurdities, whether we conſider the ſituation, the ſentiment, the argumentation, or the Poetry. Hamlet is informed by the Ghoſt, that his father was murdered, and therefore he is tempted to murder himſelf, even after he had promiſed to take vengeance on the uſurper, and expreſſed the utmoſt eagerneſs to atchieve this enterprize. It does not appear that he had the leaſt reaſon to wiſh for death; but every motive which may be ſuppoſed to influence the mind of a young Prince concurred to render life deſirable—re-

venge

venge towards the uſurper; love for the fair Ophelia; and the ambition of reigning. Beſides, when he had an opportunity of dying without being acceſſary to his own death; when he had nothing to do but, in obedience to his uncle's command, to allow himſelf to be conveyed quietly to England, where he was ſure of ſuffering death; inſtead of amuſing himſelf with meditations on mortality, he very wiſely conſulted the means of ſelf-preſervation, turned the tables upon his attendants, and returned to Denmark. But granting him to have been reduced to the loweſt ſtate of deſpondence, ſurrounded with nothing but horror and deſpair, ſick of this life, and eager to tempt futurity, we ſhall ſee how far he argues like a Philoſopher.

In order to ſupport this general charge againſt an author ſo univerſally held in veneration, whoſe very errors have helped to ſanctify his character among the Multitude, we will deſcend to particulars, and analyſe this famous Soliloquy.

Hamlet, having aſſumed the diſguiſe of madneſs, as a cloak under which he might the more effectually revenge his father's death upon the murderer and uſurper, appears alone upon the ſtage in a penſive and melancholy attitude, and communes with himſelf in theſe words:

To

To be, or not to be? That is the queſtion.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them?—To die—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd.—To die—to ſleep—
To ſleep! perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub—
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.——There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life.
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And loſe the name of action.

We have already obſerved, that there is not any apparent circumſtance in the fate or ſituation of Hamlet, that ſhould prompt him to harbour one thought of ſelf murder; and therefore theſe expreſſions of deſpair imply an impropriety in point of character. But ſuppoſing his condition was truly deſperate, and he ſaw no poſſibility of repoſe but in the uncertain harbour of death, let us ſee in what manner he argues on the ſubject. The queſtion is, "To be, or not to be;" to die by my own hand, or live and ſuffer the miſeries of life. He proceeds to explain the alternative in theſe terms, "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer, or endure the frowns of fortune, or to take arms, and by oppoſing, end them." Here he deviates from his firſt propoſition, and death is no longer the queſtion. The only doubt is, whether he will ſtoop to misfortune, or exert his faculties in order to ſurmount it. This ſurely is the obvious meaning, and indeed the only meaning that can be implied in theſe words,

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing, end them.

He now drops this idea, and reverts to his reaſoning on death, in the courſe of which he owns himſelf

himſelf deterred from ſuicide by the thoughts of what may follow death ;

——the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns).

THIS might be a good argument in a Heathen or Pagan, and ſuch indeed Hamlet really was ; but Shakeſpeare has already repreſented him as a good Catholic, who muſt have been acquainted with the truths of revealed religion, and ſays expreſsly in this very play,

——had not the Everlaſting fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-murder.

MOREOVER, he had juſt been converſing with his father's Spirit piping hot from purgatory, which we preſume is not within the *bourne* of this world. The dread of what may happen after death (ſays he)

Makes us rather bear thoſe *ills* we have,
Than fly to *others* that we know not of.

THIS declaration at leaſt implies ſome knowledge of the other world, and expreſsly aſſerts, that there muſt be *ills* in that world, though what kind of *ills* they are, we do not know. The argument

gument therefore may be reduced to this lemma : This world abounds with *ills* which I feel : the other world abounds with *ills*, the nature of which I do not know : therefore, I will rather bear thoſe *ills* I have, than fly to *others* which I know not of :" a deduction amounting to a certainty, with reſpect to the only circumſtance that could create a doubt, namely, whether in death he ſhould reſt from his miſery ; and if he was certain there were evils in the next world, as well as in this, he had no room to reaſon at all about the matter. What alone could juſtify his thinking on this ſubject, would have been the hope of flying from the ills of this world, without encountering any *others* in the next.

NOR is Hamlet more accurate in the following reflection :

Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all.

A BAD conſcience will make us cowards ; but a good conſcience will make us brave. It does not appear that any thing lay heavy on his conſcience ; and from the premiſes we cannot help inferring that conſcience in this caſe was entirely out of the queſtion. Hamlet was deterred from ſuicide by a full conviction, that in flying from one ſea of troubles which he did know, he ſhould fall into *another* which he did not know.

HIS

His whole chain of reaſoning, therefore, ſeems inconſiſtent and incongruous. "I am doubtful whether I ſhould live, or do violence upon my own life: for I know not whether it is more honourable to bear misfortune patiently, than to exert myſelf in oppoſing misfortune, and by oppoſing, end it." Let us throw it into the form of a ſyllogiſm, it will ſtand thus: "I am oppreſſed with ills: I know not whether it is more honourable to bear thoſe ills patiently, or to end them by taking arms againſt them; *ergo*, I am doubtful whether I ſhould ſlay myſelf or live. To die, is no more than to ſleep; and to *ſay* that by a ſleep we end the heart-ach, &c. 'tis a conſummation devoutly to be wiſh'd." Now, to *ſay it*, was of no conſequence unleſs it had been true. "I am afraid of the dreams that may happen in that ſleep of death; and I chooſe rather to bear thoſe ills I have in this life, than fly to *other ills* in that undiſcovered country from whoſe bourne no traveller returns. I have ills that are almoſt inſupportable in this life. I know not what is in the next, becauſe it is an undiſcovered country: *ergo*, I'd rather bear thoſe ills I have, than fly to others which I know not of." Here the concluſion is by no means warranted by the premiſes. "I am ſore afflicted in this life: but, I will rather bear the afflictions of this life, than plunge myſelf in the afflictions

afflictions of another life : *ergo*, conſcience makes cowards of us all." But this concluſion would juſtify the logician in ſaying, *negatur conſequens* ; for it is entirely detached both from the major and minor propoſition.

THIS Soliloquy is not leſs unexceptionable in the propriety of expreſſion, than in the chain of argumentation.—"To die,—to ſleep no more," contains an ambiguity which all the art of punctuation cannot remove ; for it may ſignify that "to die, is to ſleep no more ;" or the expreſſion—"no more," may be conſidered as an abrupt apoſtrophe in thinking, as if he meant to ſay—"no more of that reflection."

"AY, there's the rub"—is a vulgariſm beneath the dignity of Hamlet's character, and the words that follow leave the ſenſe imperfect ;

> For in that ſleep of death, what dreams may come,
> When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
> Muſt give us pauſe.

Not the dreams that might come, but, the fear of what dreams might come, occaſioned the pauſe or heſitation. *Reſpect*, in the ſame line, may be allowed to paſs for conſideration : but,

> Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

according to the invariable acceptation of the words *wrong* and *contumely*, can ſignify nothing but

but the wrongs ſuſtained by the oppreſſor, and the contumely or abuſe thrown upon the proud man; though it is plain that Shakeſpeare uſed them in a different ſenſe: neither is the word *ſpurn* a ſubſtantive; yet as ſuch he has inſerted it in theſe lines:

> The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

If we conſider the metaphors of this Soliloquy, we ſhall find them jumbled together in ſtrange confuſion.

If the metaphors were reduced to Painting, we ſhould find it a very difficult taſk, if not altogether impracticable, to repreſent with any propriety outrageous Fortune uſing her ſlings and arrows, between which, indeed, there is no ſort of analogy in Nature. Neither can any figure be more ridiculouſly abſurd than that of a man taking arms againſt a ſea, excluſive of the incongruous medley of ſlings, arrows, and ſeas, juſtled within the compaſs of one reflection. What follows is a ſtrange rhapſody of broken images, of ſleeping, dreaming, and ſhifting off a *coil*, which laſt conveys no idea that can be repreſented on canvas. A man may be exhibited ſhuffling off his garments or his chains: but how he ſhould ſhuffle off a *coil*, which

which is another term for noiſe and tumult, we cannot comprehend. Then we have "long-lived Calamity," and "Time armed with whips and ſcorns;" and "patient Merit ſpurned at by Unworthineſs;" and "Miſery with a bare bodkin going to make his own *quietus*," which, at beſt, is but a mean metaphor. Theſe are followed by Figures "ſweating under fardles of burdens," "puzzled with doubts," "ſhaking with fears," and "flying from evils." Finally, we ſee "Reſolution ſicklied o'er with pale thought," a conception like that of repreſenting health by ſickneſs; and a "current of pith turned away ſo as to loſe the name of action," which is both an error in fancy, and a ſoleciſm in ſenſe. In a word, this Soliloquy may be compared to the *Ægri ſomnia*, and the *Tabula, cujus vanæ fingentur ſpecies*.

But while we cenſure the chaos of broken, incongruous metaphors, we ought alſo to caution the young Poet againſt the oppoſite extreme of purſuing a metaphor until the ſpirit of it is quite exhauſted in a ſucceſſion of cold conceits; ſuch as we ſee in the following letter, ſaid to be ſent by Tamerlane to the Turkiſh Emperor Bajazet. "Where is the monarch that dares oppoſe our "arms? Where is the potentate who doth not glory "in being numbered amongſt our vaſſals? As for "thee, deſcended from a Turcoman mariner, ſince "the veſſel of thy unbounded ambition hath been

"wrecked

wrecked in the gulph of thy self-love, it would be proper that thou ſhouldeſt furl the ſails of thy temerity, and caſt the anchor of repentance in the port of ſincerity and juſtice, which is the harbour of ſafety: leſt the tempeſt of our vengeance make thee periſh in the ſea of that puniſhment thou haſt deſerved."

But if theſe laboured conceits are ridiculous in Poetry, they are ſtill more inexcuſable in Proſe: ſuch as we find them frequently occur in Strada's Bellum Belgicum. *Vix deſcenderat à prætoria navi Cæſar; cùm fœda illico exorta in portu tempeſtas, claſſem impetu disjecit, prætoriam hauſit; quaſi non vecturam amplius Cæſarem Cæſariſque fortunam.* "Cæſar had ſcarce ſet his feet on ſhore, when a terrible tempeſt ariſing, ſhattered the fleet even in the harbour, and ſent to the bottom the Prætorian ſhip, as if reſolved it ſhould no longer carry Cæſar and his fortunes."

Yet this is modeſt in compariſon of the following flowers: *Alii, pulſis è tormento catenis diſcerpti ſectique, dimidiato corpore pugnabant ſibi ſuperſtites, ac peremptæ partis ultoris.* "Others, diſſevered and cut in twain by chain-ſhot, fought with one half of their bodies that remained, in revenge of the other half that was ſlain."

Homer

HOMER, Horace, and even the chaſte Virgil, is not free from conceits. The latter, ſpeaking of a man's hand cut off in battle, ſays,

Te deciſa ſuum, Laride, dextera quærit:
Semianimeſque micant digiti, ferrumque retractant:

thus enduing the amputated hand with ſenſe and volition. This, to be ſure, is a violent figure, and hath been juſtly condemned by ſome accurate critics: but we think they are too ſevere in extending the ſame cenſure to ſome other paſſages in the moſt admired authors.

VIRGIL in his Sixth Eclogue, ſays,

Omnia quæ, Phœbo quondam meditante, beatus
Audiit Eurotas, juſſitque ediſcere lauros,
Ille canit.

Whate'er when Phœbus bleſs'd th' Arcadian plain,
Eurotas heard and taught his bays the ſtrain,
The ſenior ſung—

And Pope has copied the conceit in his Paſtorals,

Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the mourn'ng ſong.

VIDA thus begins his Firſt Eclogue:

Dicite, vos muſæ, et juvenum memorate querelas;
Dicite: nam motas ipſas ad carmina cantes,
Et requiêſſe ſuos perhibent vaga flumina curſus.

Say heav'nly muſe, their youthful frays rehearſe;
Begin, ye daughters of immortal verſe;
Exulting rocks have own'd the power of ſong,
And rivers liſten'd as they flow'd along—

RACINE adopts the ſame bold figure in his Phædra:

Le flot qui l'apporta recule epouvanté:

The wave that bore him, backwards ſhrunk appall'd.

EVEN Milton has indulged himſelf in the ſame licence of expreſſion—

—As when to them who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabæan odour from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt; with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd, they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Chear'd with the grateful ſmell, old ocean ſmiles.

SHAKESPEARE ſays,

——I've ſeen
Th' ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds.

AND indeed more correct writers, both ancient and modern, abound with the ſame kind of figure, which is reconciled to propriety, and even inveſted with beauty, by the efficacy of the proſopopœia,

poeia, which perſonifies the object. Thus, when Virgil ſays Enipeus heard the ſongs of Apollo, he raiſes up, as by enchantment, the idea of a river god crowned with ſedges, his head raiſed above the ſtream, and in his countenance the expreſſion of pleaſed attention. By the ſame magic we ſee in the couplet quoted from Pope's Paſtorals, old father Thames leaning upon his urn, and liſtening to the Poet's ſtrain.

THUS in the regions of Poetry, all Nature, even the paſſions and affections of the mind, may be perſonified into pictureſque figures for the entertainment of the reader. Ocean ſmiles or frowns, as the ſea is calm or tempeſtuous; a Triton rules on every angry billow; every mountain has its Nymph; every ſtream its Naiad; every tree its Hamydryad; and every art its Genius. We cannot therefore aſſent to thoſe who cenſure Thomſon as licentious for uſing the following figure:

O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly ſwelling hills!
On which the power of cultivation lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.

WE cannot conceive a more beautiful image than that of the Genius of Agriculture diſtinguiſhed by the implements of his art, imbrowned

with labour, glowing with health, crowned with a garland of foliage, flowers, and fruit, lying ſtretched at his eaſe on the brow of a gentle ſwelling hill, and contemplating with pleaſure the happy effects of his own induſtry.

NEITHER can we join iſſue againſt Shakeſpeare for this compariſon, which hath likewiſe incurred the cenſure of the Critics :

——The noble ſiſter of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaſte as the icicle
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on Dian's temple—

This is no more than illuſtrating a quality of the mind, by comparing it with a ſenſible object. If there is no impropriety in ſaying ſuch a man is true as ſteel, firm as a rock, inflexible as an oak, unſteady as the ocean, or in deſcribing a diſpoſition cold as ice, or fickle as the wind ; and theſe expreſſions are juſtified by conſtant practice ; we ſhall hazard an aſſertion, that the compariſon of a chaſte woman to an icicle is proper and pictureſque, as it obtains only in the circumſtances of cold and purity ; but that the addition of its being curdled from the pureſt ſnow, and hanging on the temple of Diana, the patroneſs of virginity, heightens the whole into a moſt beautiful ſimile, that

that gives a very reſpectable and amiable idea of the character in queſtion.

THE Simile is no more than an extended metaphor introduced to illuſtrate and beautify the ſubject: it ought to be apt, ſtriking, properly purſued, and adorned with all the graces of Poetical melody. But a ſimile of this kind ought never to proceed from the mouth of a perſon under any great agitation of ſpirit; ſuch as a tragic character overwhelmed with grief, diſtracted by contending cares, or agoniſing in the pangs of death. The language of paſſion will not admit ſimile, which is always the reſult of ſtudy and deliberation. We will not allow a hero the privilege of a dying ſwan, which is ſaid to chant its approaching fate in the moſt melodious ſtrain; and therefore nothing can be more ridiculouſly unnatural, than the repreſentation of a lover dying upon the ſtage with a laboured ſimile in his mouth.

THE orientals, whoſe language was extremely figurative, have been very careleſs in the choice of their ſimilies: provided the reſemblance obtained in one circumſtance, they minded not whether they diſagreed with the ſubject in every other reſpect. Many inſtances of this defect in congruity, may be culled from the moſt ſublime parts of Scripture.

HOMER has been blamed for the bad choice of his ſimiles on ſome particular occaſions. He compares Ajax to an aſs, in the Iliad, and Ulyſſes to a ſteak broiling on the coals, in the Odyſſey. His admirers have endeavoured to excuſe him, by reminding us of the ſimplicity of the age in which he wrote; but they have not been able to prove that any ideas of dignity or importance were, even in thoſe days, affixed to the character of an aſs, or the quality of a beef-collop; therefore, they were very improper illuſtrations for any ſituation in which a hero ought to be repreſented.

VIRGIL has degraded the wife of king Latinus by comparing her, when ſhe was actuated by the fury, to a top which the boys laſh for diverſion. This, doubtleſs, is a low image, though in other reſpects the compariſon is not deſtitute of propriety; but he is much more juſtly cenſured for the following ſimile, which has no ſort of reference to the ſubject. Speaking of Turnus he ſays,

——medio dux agmine Turnus
Vertitur arma tenens, et toto vertice ſupra eſt.
Ceu ſeptem ſurgens ſedatis amnibus altus
Per tacitum Ganges: aut pingui flumine Nilus,
Cùm refluit campis, et jam ſe condidit alveo.

But Turnus, chief amidſt the warrior train,
In armour tow'rs the talleſt on the plain.

The

The Ganges thus by ſeven rich ſtreams ſupply'd,
A mighty maſs devolves in ſilent pride.
Thus Nilus pours from his prolific urn,
When from the fields o'erflow'd his vagrant ſtreams return.

Theſe, no doubt, are majeſtic images; but they bear no ſort of reſemblance to an hero glittering in armour at the head of his forces.

HORACE has been ridiculed by ſome ſhrewd critics for this compariſon, which, however, we think is more defenſible than the former. Addreſſing himſelf to Munatius Plancus, he ſays:

Albus ut obſcuro deterget nubila cælo
Sæpe Notus, neque parturit imbres
Perpetuos: ſic tu ſapiens finire memento
Triſtitiam, vitæque labores
Molli, Plance, mero.——

As Notus often, when the welkin low'rs,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual ſhow'rs,
So let thy wiſdom, free from anxious ſtrife,
In mellow wine diſſolve the cares of life.

DUNKIN.

The analogy, it muſt be confeſſed, is not very ſtriking: but, nevertheleſs, it is not altogether void of propriety. The Poet reaſons thus: As the South-wind, though generally attended with rain, is often known to diſpel the clouds, and ren-

der the weather ſerene ; ſo do you, though gene-rally on the rack of thought, remember to relax ſometimes, and drown your cares in wine. As the South-wind is not always moiſt, ſo you ought not always to be dry.

A FEW inſtances of inaccuracy, or mediocrity, can never derogate from the ſuperlative merit of Homer and Virgil, whoſe Poems are the great magazines, replete with every ſpecies of beauty and magnificence, particularly abounding with ſimiles which aſtoniſh, delight, and tranſport the reader.

EVERY ſimile ought not only to be well adapted to the ſubject, but alſo to include every excellence of deſcription, and to be coloured with the warmeſt tints of Poetry. Nothing can be more happily hit off than the following in the Georgics, to which the Poet compares Orpheus lamenting his loſt Eurydice.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis latè loca queſtibus implet.

So Philomela, from th' umbrageous wood
In ſtrains melodious mourns her tender brood,
Snatch'd

Snatch'd from the neſt by ſome rude ploughman's hand,
On ſome lone bough the warbler takes her ſtand;
The live-long night ſhe mourns the cruel wrong;
And hill and dale reſound the plaintive ſong.

Here we not only find the moſt ſcrupulous propriety, and the happieſt choice, in comparing the Thracian bard to Philomel the Poet of the grove; but alſo the moſt beautiful deſcription, containing a fine touch of the pathos, in which laſt particular, indeed, Virgil, in our opinion, excels all other Poets, whether ancient or modern.

ONE would imagine that Nature had exhauſted itſelf, in order to embelliſh the Poems of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, with ſimiles and metaphors. The firſt of theſe very often uſes the compariſon of the wind, the whirlwind, the hail, the torrent, to expreſs the rapidity of his combatants: but when he comes to deſcribe the velocity of the immortal horſes that drew the chariot of Juno, he raiſes his ideas to the ſubject, and as Longinus obſerves, meaſures every leap by the whole breadth of the horizon.

Ὅσσον δ' ἠερόεις ἀνὴρ ἴδεν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
Ἥμενος ἐν σκοπιῇ, λευσσων ἐπὶ οἶνοπα πόντον,
Τόσσον ἐπιθρῴσκει θεῶν ὑψηχέες ἵπποι.

Far as a watchman from ſome rock on high
O'er the wide main extends his boundleſs eye;

Thro' ſuch a ſpace of air with thund'ring ſound,
At ev'ry leap th' immortal courſers bound.

The celerity of this goddeſs ſeems to be a favourite idea with the Poet; for in another place he compares it to the thought of a traveller revolving in his mind the different places he had ſeen, and paſſing through them in imagination more ſwift than the lightning flies from eaſt to weſt.

HOMER's beſt ſimiles have been copied by Virgil, and almoſt every ſucceeding Poet, howſoever they may have varied in the manner of expreſſion. In the third book of the Iliad, Menelaus ſeeing Paris, is compared to a hungry lion eſpying a hind or goat.

Ὥσε λέων ἐχάρη μεγάλῳ ἐπὶ σώματι κύρσας
Εὑρὼν ἢ ἔλαφον κεραὸν ἢ ἄγριον αἶγα, &c.

So joys the lion, if a branching deer
Or mountain goat his bulky prize appear.
In vain the youths oppoſe, the maſtiffs bay,
The lordly ſavage rends the panting prey.
Thus fond of vengeance, with a furious bound
In clinging arms he leaps upon the ground.

THE Mantuan bard in the tenth book of the Æneid, applies the ſame ſimile to Mezentius, when he beholds Acron in the battle.

Impaſtus

Impaſtus ſtabula alta leo ceu ſæpe peragrans,
(Suadet enim veſana fames) ſi forte fugacem
Conſpexit capream, aut ſurgentem in cornua cervum;
Gaudet hians immane, comaſque arrexit, et hæret
Viſceribus ſuper accumbens: lavit improba teter
Ora cruor.—

Then as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gameſome goat who friſks about the folds,
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the plain:
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
He grins and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he churns the gore.

DRYDEN.

THE reader will perceive that Virgil has improved the ſimile in one particular, and in another fallen ſhort of his original. The deſcription of the lion ſhaking his mane, opening his hideous jaws diſtained with the blood of his prey, is great and picturesque: but on the other hand, he has omitted the circumſtance of devouring it without being intimidated, or reſtrained by the dogs and youths that ſurround him; a circumſtance that adds greatly to our idea of his ſtrength, intrepidity, and importance.

ESSAY XVIII.

OF all the figures in Poetry, that called the Hyperbole is managed with the greateſt difficulty. The Hyperbole is an exaggeration with which the Muſe is indulged for the better illuſtration of her ſubject, when ſhe is warmed into enthuſiaſm. Quintilian calls it an ornament of the bolder kind. Demetrius Phalereus is ſtill more ſevere. He ſays, the Hyperbole is of all forms of ſpeech the moſt frigid. Μάλιστα δὲ ἡ ὑπερβολὴ ψυχρότατον παντων; but this muſt be underſtood with ſome grains of allowance. Poetry is animated by the paſſions; and all the paſſions exaggerate. Paſſion itſelf is a magnifying medium. There are beautiful inſtances of the Hyperbole in the Scripture, which a reader of ſenſibility cannot read without being ſtrongly affected. The difficulty lies in chuſing ſuch Hyperboles as the ſubject will admit of; for, according to the definition of Theophraſtus, the frigid, in ſtyle, is that which exceeds the expreſſion ſuitable to the ſubject.

ject. The judgement does not revolt against Homer for repreſenting the horſes of Ericthonius running over the ſtanding corn without breaking off the heads, becauſe the whole is conſidered as a fable, and the north wind is repreſented as their ſire: but the imagination is a little ſtartled, when Virgil, in imitation of this Hyperbole, exhibits Camilla as flying over it without even touching the tops.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina ——

This elegant author, we are afraid, has, upon ſome other occaſions, degenerated into the frigid, in ſtraining to improve upon his great maſter.

Homer, in the Odyſſey, a work which Longinus does not ſcruple to charge with bearing the marks of old age, deſcribes a ſtorm in which all the four winds were concerned together.

Σὺν δ' Εὖρός τε, Νότος τ' ἔπεσε, Ζέφυρός τε δυσαὴς,
Καὶ Βορέης αἰθρηγενέτης μέγα κῦμα κυλίνδων.

We know that ſuch a contention of contrary blaſts could not poſſibly exiſt in Nature; for even in hurricanes, the winds blow alternately from different points of the compaſs. Nevertheleſs, Virgil adopts the deſcription, and adds to its extravagance.

Incubuere

Incubuere mari, totumque e ſedibus imis
Una Euruſque, Notuſque ruunt, creberq; procellis
Africus.

Here the winds not only blow together, but they turn the whole body of the ocean topſy turvy—.

Eaſt, weſt, and ſouth, engage with furious ſweep,
And from its loweſt bed upturn the foaming deep.

The north wind, however, is ſtill more miſchievous.——

——*Stridens aquilone procella,*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.

The ſail then Boreas rends with hideous cry,
And whirls the madd'ning billows to the ſky.

THE motion of the ſea between Scylla and Charybdis is ſtill more magnified; and Ætna is exhibited as throwing out volumes of flame, which bruſh the ſtars *. Such expreſſions as theſe are not intended as a real repreſentation of the thing ſpecified; they are deſigned to ſtrike the reader's imagination; but they generally ſerve as marks of the author's ſinking under his own ideas,

* Speaking of the firſt, he ſays,

Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite et iidem,
Subducta, ad manes imos deſcendimus, unda—

Of the other,

Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit.

who,

who, apprehenſive of injuring the greatneſs of his own conception, is hurried into exceſs and extravagance.

QUINTILIAN allows the uſe of Hyperbole, when words are wanting to expreſs any thing in its juſt ſtrength or due energy: then, he ſays, it is better to exceed in expreſſion, than fall ſhort of the conception: but he likewiſe obſerves, that there is no figure or form of ſpeech ſo apt to run into fuſtian. *Nec alia magis via in κακοζηλιαν itur.*

IF the chaſte Virgil has thus treſpaſſed upon Poetical probability, what can we expect from Lucan but Hyperboles even more ridiculouſly extravagant? He repreſents the winds in conteſt, the ſea in ſuſpence, doubting to which it ſhall give way. He affirms that its motion would have been ſo violent as to produce a ſecond deluge, had not Jupiter kept it under by the clouds; and as to the ſhip, during this dreadful uproar, *the ſails touch the clouds, while the keel ſtrikes the ground.*

Nubila tanguntur velis, et terra carina.

THIS image of daſhing water at the ſtars, Sir Richard Blackmore has produced in colours truly ridiculous. Deſcribing ſpouting whales in his

Prince

Prince Arthur, he makes the following comparison:

Like some prodigious water-engine made
To play on heav'n, if fire should heav'n invade.

The great fault in all these instances is a deviation from propriety, owing to the erroneous judgement of the writer, who, endeavouring to captivate the admiration with novelty, very often shocks the understanding with extravagance. Of this nature, is the whole description of the Cyclops, both in the Odyssey of Homer and in the Æneid of Virgil. It must be owned, however, that the Latin Poet, with all his merit, is more apt than his great original to dazzle us with false fire, and practise upon the imagination with gay conceits, that will not bear the Critic's examination. There is not in any of Homer's works now subsisting such an example of the false sublime, as Virgil's description of the thunder bolts forging under the hammers of the Cyclops.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant, rutili tres ignis et alitis Austri.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store,
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame.

DRYDEN.

This

This is altogether a fantaſtic piece of affectation, of which we can form no ſenſible image, and ſerves to chill the fancy, rather than warm the admiration of a judging reader.

EXTRAVAGANT Hyperbole is a weed that grows in great plenty through the works of our admired Shakeſpeare. In the following deſcription, which hath been much celebrated, one ſees he has had an eye to Virgil's thunder-bolts.

O, then I ſee queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of graſshoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the *moonſhine's watery beams*, &c.

Even in deſcribing fantaſtic beings, there is a propriety to be obſerved; but ſurely nothing can be more revolting to common ſenſe, than this numbering of the *moon beams* among the other implements of queen Mab's harneſs, which, though extremely ſlender and diminutive, are, nevertheleſs, objects of the touch, and may be conceived capable of uſe.

THE

THE Ode and Satire admit of the boldeſt Hyperboles: ſuch exaggerations ſuit the impetuous warmth of the one; and in the other have a good effect in expoſing folly, and exciting horror againſt vice. They may be likewiſe ſucceſsfully uſed in Comedy, for moving and managing the powers of ridicule.

ESSAY XIX.

VERSE is an harmonious arrangement of long and ſhort ſyllables, adapted to different kinds of Poetry, and owes its origin entirely to the meaſured cadence, or muſic, which was uſed when the firſt ſongs or hymns were recited. This muſic, divided into different parts, required a regular return of the ſame meaſure, and thus every *ſtrophe*, *antiſtrophe*, or *ſtanza*, contained the ſame number of feet. To know what conſtituted the different kinds of rythmical feet among the antients, with reſpect to the number and quantity of their ſyllables, we have nothing to do but to conſult thoſe who have written on grammar and proſody: it is the buſineſs of a ſchoolmaſter rather than the accompliſhment of a Man of Taſte.

VARIOUS eſſays have been made in different countries to compare the characters of antient and modern verſification, and to point out the difference beyond any poſſibility of miſtake. But they

they have made distinctions where, in fact, there was no difference, and left the criterion unobserved. They have transferred the name of rhyme to a regular repetition of the same sound at the end of the line, and set up this vile monotony as the characteristic of modern verse, in contradistinction to the feet of the antients, which they pretend, the Poetry of modern languages will not admit.

RHYME, from the Greek word Ρυθμος, is nothing else but number, which was essential to the antient as well as to the modern versification. As to the jingle of similar sounds, though it was never used by the antients in any regular return in the middle, or at the end of the line, and was by no means deemed essential to the versification, yet they did not reject it as a blemish, where it occurred without the appearance of constraint. We meet with it often in the epithets of Homer,—Αργυρεοιο Βιοιο—Ανειξ Ανδρων Αγαμεμνων—almost the whole first Ode of Anacreon is what we call rhyme. The following line of Virgil has been admired for the similitude of sound in the first two words.

*Ore Are*thusa tuo siculis confunditur undis.

RYTH-

RYTHMUS, or number, is certainly essential to verse, whether in the dead or living languages; and the real difference between the two, is this: The number in antient verse relates to the feet, and in modern Poetry to the syllables; for to assert that modern Poetry has no feet, is a ridiculous absurdity. The feet that principally enter into the composition of Greek and Latin verses, are either of two or three syllables: those of two syllables are either both long, as the spondee; or both short, as the pyrrhic; or one short and the other long, as the iambic, or one long and the other short, as the trochee. Those of three syllables are the dactyl of one long and two short syllables; the anapest, of two short and one long; the tribrachium, of three short; and the molossus, of three long.

FROM the different combinations of these feet, restricted to certain numbers, the antients formed their different kinds of verses, such as the hexameter or heroic, distinguished by six feet dactyls and spondees, the fifth being always a dactyl, and the last a spondee: *e. g.*

1 2 3 4 5 6

Principi-is obs-ta, se-ro medi-cina pa-ratur.

The

The pentameter of five feet, dactyls and ſpondees, or of ſix, reckoning two cæſuras.

1 2 3 4 5 6

Cum mala per lon-gas invalu-ere mo-ras.

They had likewiſe the iambic of three ſorts, the dimeter, the trimeter, and the tetrameter, and all the different kinds of lyric verſe ſpecified in the odes of Sappho, Alcæus, Anacreon, and Horace. Each of theſe was diſtinguiſhed by the number, as well as by the ſpecies of their feet; ſo that they were doubly reſtricted. Now, all the feet of the antient poetry are ſtill found in the verſification of living languages; for as cadence was regulated by the ear, it was impoſſible for a man to write melodious verſe without naturally falling into the uſe of ancient feet, though, perhaps, he neither knows their meaſure nor denomination. Thus, Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and all our Poets, abound with dactyls, ſpondees, trochees, anapeſts, &c. which they uſe indiſcriminately in all kinds of compoſition, whether Tragic, Epic, Paſtoral, or Ode, having in this particular greatly the advantage of the antients, who were reſtricted to particular kinds of feet in particular kinds of Verſe. If we then are confined with the fetters of what is called rhyme, they

they were reſtricted to particular ſpecies of feet; ſo that the advantages and diſadvantages are pretty equally balanced: but, indeed, the Engliſh are more free in this particular, than any other modern nation. They not only uſe Blank-verſe in Tragedy and the Epic, but even in Lyric Poetry. Milton's tranſlation of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha is univerſally known, and generally admired, in our opinion, much above its merit. There is an Ode extant, without Rhyme, addreſſed to Evening, by the late Mr. Collins, much more beautiful; and Mr. Warton with ſome others have happily ſucceeded in divers occaſional pieces that are free of this reſtraint: but the number, in all of theſe, depends upon the ſyllables, and not upon the feet, which are unlimited.

It is generally ſuppoſed that the genius of the Engliſh language will not admit of Greek or Latin meaſure: but this, we apprehend, is a miſtake owing to the prejudice of education. It is impoſſible that the ſame meaſure, compoſed of the ſame times, ſhould have a good effect upon the ear in one language, and a bad effect in another. The truth is, we have been accuſtomed from our infancy to the numbers of Engliſh Poetry, and the very ſound and ſignification of the words diſ-

poſes

poſes the ear to receive them in a certain manner; ſo that its diſappointment muſt be attended with a diſagreeable ſenſation. In imbibing the firſt rudiments of education, we acquire, as it were, another ear for the numbers of Greek and Latin Poetry, and this being reſerved entirely for the ſounds and ſignifications of the words that conſtitute thoſe dead languages, will not eaſily accomdate itſelf to the ſounds of our vernacular tongue, though conveyed in the ſame time and meaſure. In a word, Latin and Greek have annexed to them the ideas of the antient meaſure from which they are not eaſily disjoined. But we will venture to ſay, this difficulty might be ſurmounted by an effort of attention and a little practice; and in that caſe we ſhould, in time, be as well pleaſed with Engliſh as with Latin hexameters.

Sir Philip Sidney is ſaid to have miſcarried in his eſſays; but his miſcarriage was no more than that of failing in an attempt to introduce a new faſhion. The failure was not owing to any defect or imperfection in the ſcheme, but to the want of taſte, to the irreſolution and ignorance of the public. Without all doubt, the antient meaſure, ſo different from that of modern Poetry, muſt have appeared remarkably uncouth to people in general, who were ignorant of the claſſics;

fics; and nothing but the countenance and perſeverance of the learned could reconcile them to the alteration. We have ſeen ſeveral late ſpecimens of Engliſh hexameters and ſapphics, ſo happily compoſed, that by attaching them to the idea of ancient meaſure, we found them in all reſpects as melodious and agreeable to the ear, as the works of Virgil and Anacreon, or Horace.

THOUGH the number of ſyllables diſtinguiſhes the nature of the Engliſh Verſe from that of the Greek and Latin, it conſtitutes neither harmony grace, nor expreſſion. Theſe muſt depend upon the choice of words, the ſeat of the accent, the pauſe, and the cadence. The accent, or tone, is underſtood to be an elevation or ſinking of the voice in reciting: the pauſe is a reſt that divides the verſe into two parts, each of them called an hemiſtich. The pauſe and accent, in Engliſh Poetry, vary occaſionally, according to the meaning of the words; ſo that the hemiſtich does not always conſiſt of an equal number of ſyllables, and this variety is agreeable, as it prevents a dull repetition of regular ſtops, like thoſe in the French verſification, every line of which is divided by a pauſe exactly in the middle. The cadence comprehends that Poetical ſtyle which ani-

mates every line, that propriety which gives ſtrength and expreſſion, that numeroſity which renders the verſe ſmooth, flowing, and harmonious, that ſignificancy which marks the paſſions, and, in many caſes, makes the ſound an echo to the ſenſe. The Greek and Latin languages, in being copious and ductile, are ſuſceptible of a vaſt variety of cadences which the living languages will not admit: and of theſe a reader of any ear will judge for himſelf.

END OF VOL. II.

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